ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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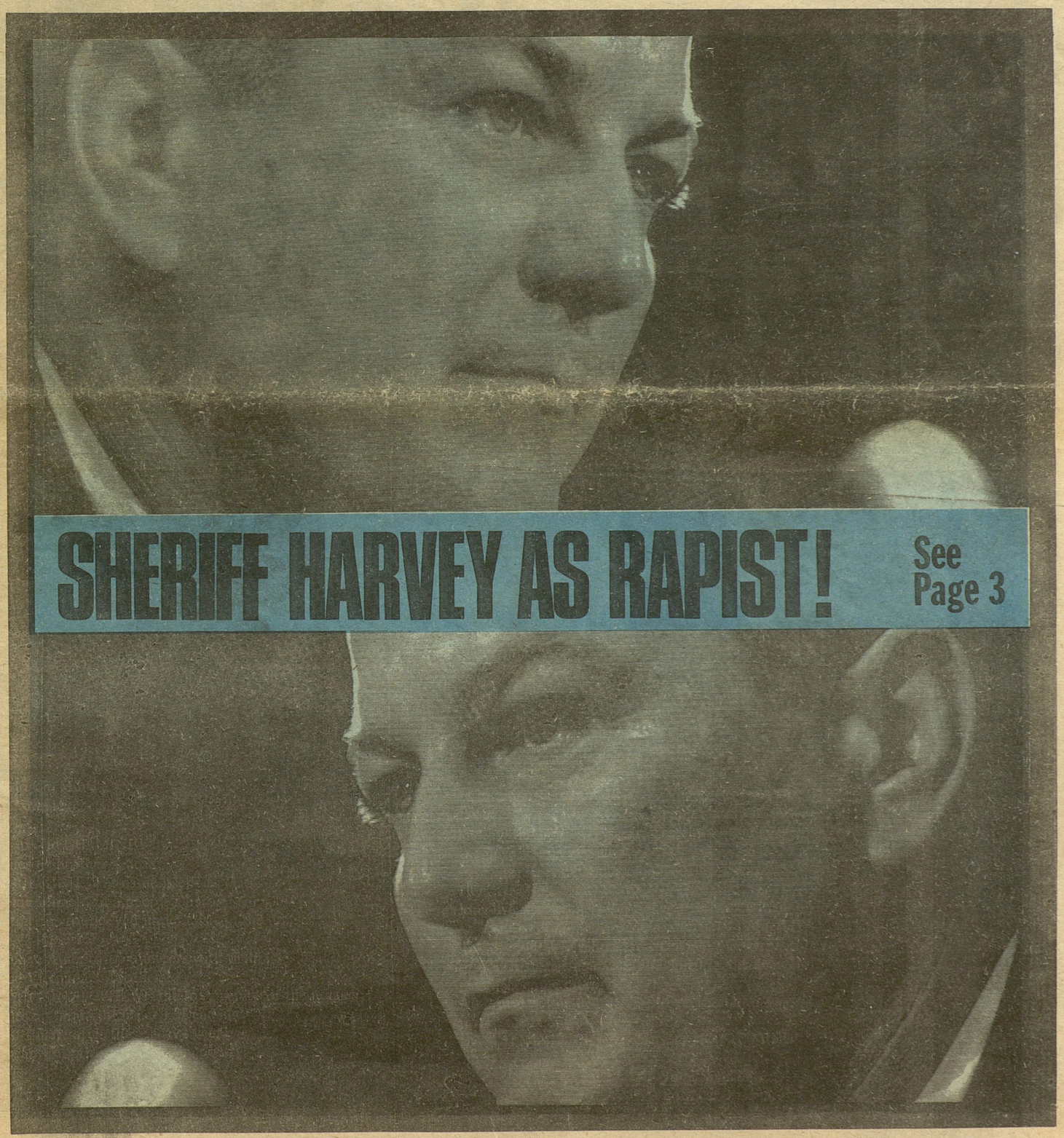

SHERIFF HARVEY AS RAPIST!

See Page 3

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FLEAGLE

Dear Fleagle,
I was recently arrested for publishing a "lewd, lascivious, obscene, filthy, indecent, or disgusting newspaper." I'm now out on bond, but my preliminary examination is set for October 1. What do you think?
K.K.

Dear K.K.,
October is a particularly beautiful time of year for preliminary examinations. What with the leaves turning yellow and the prosecutor's face turning red.

No doubt you are being prosecuted under one of Michigan's obscene statutes. I guess section 750.343a is the one. First, all the words except "obscene" are just jive words. The Supreme Court has said that the state can not bar newspapers or speeches just because they don't like them. The First Amendment protects speech and the press from infringement by Congress and the states.

Unfortunately, the Supreme Court has indulged in the fiction that obscenity is not speech and, therefore, not protected by the Constitution. But, starting with the Roth case (1961), the Court has narrowly defined what constitutes obscenity. Before Roth, states tried to impose laws banning anything which would excite a young child. (Winnie the Pooh always turned me on.)

For instance, John J. Rusinack, who acted as Detroit's censor, defined his standard, "If I feel that I wouldn't want my 13-year-old daughter reading it, I decide it's illegal."

Now the basic test is: "applying contemporary community standards, whether the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest of the average person." No one really knows what the court means by this.

Justice Potter Stewart has helped explain the test with the comment, "I can't define it, but I know hard-core pornography when I see it."

The Michigan legislature has even incorporated this test into the law. A similar statute in California was held by their supreme court to only apply to "hard-core pornography" (like the Congressional Record?).

Listen, K.K., I know you won't believe this, but sometimes un-American public servants try to use obscenity laws to attack newspapers whose politics they don't like. Local courts usually don't protect the paper, but convictions are almost always thrown out by the higher court.

Also, the police can't just claim that a certain picture or story is obscene, but must take the paper as a whole. The old Berkeley Barb was acquited on an obscenity bust based on a picture of members of the All-American MC-5 fucking and sucking. The judge said the paper as a hole, I mean whole, was okay.

If the alleged obscenity is part of political comment, it is further protected by the First Amendment.

In the final analysis, the concept of obscenity is so vague no one can define it.

The police are given immense discretion in enforcing the law. For example, section 750.344 makes it a crime to publish any publication principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, but you don't see anyone busting the publisher of the Detroit News.

K.K., don't be seen talking to any Indians. The chapter of the Michigan criminal code following obscenity deals with inciting Indians.

Personally, the most obscene act I've seen is putting John Sinclair in the slam for 9½-10 years.

Dear Fleagle,
I was arrested recently for only a high misdemeanor and had to post $1,000 bail in cash even though I am a respected businessman in the Ann Arbor community. How come?
K.K.

Dear K.K.,
According to the Constitution, bail is only supposed to be used to make sure you show up at trial. But, the courts are more and more using it to keep political people in jail and deplete their financial resources. One has only to think about Black Panthers locked up because of absurdly high bail or that John Sinclair can't even get out on appeal bond.

Your case is another one. There is no reason why the judge should not have allowed you out on personal recognizance, i.e., without any money bond, if he followed the law. But, judges have vast discretionary power to do what they want.

But sometimes they can be stopped. A "Negro" judge in Detroit, on September 5, set bond of $1,000 for welfare mothers who sat in at the Wayne County Welfare Department. He even bragged he was placing them on high bond for other reasons than to make sure they showed up for trial. He did this even though the mothers didn't have any money to leave the city. So, the mothers had to stay in jail all weekend. Lawyers for the mothers are planning to go to federal court to force the judge to lower the bond and expect to win.

Judges also seem not to know about or not care about enforcing certain laws relating to bail.

The Michigan legislature passed section 780.66 a couple of years ago. This section allows anyone arrested on a misdemeanor charge to go free if he gives the court 10 per cent of the bail the judge has set. Thus, if bail is set at $1,000, you are supposed to be let out on $100 cash. A $250 bond would mean an outlay of $25.

If you are ultimately convicted you get back 90 percent of your deposit, the rest going for cost. If you win, you get it all back. What this law does is get rid of bondsmen for misdemeanor cases.

Argus Tribe

Business Staff:-Thomas R. Copi
Editor & Publisher: - Kenneth M. Kelley
Managing Editor: - Howard Kohn. Second Section Editor: W. Rexford Benoit. Photo Engraver: Kip Mercure. Graphics Editor: Al "Bad Dog" Shamie Helpful Editor: Patricia O'Donohue-Copi Attorney General: Neal Bush Revolutionary Artist: Gary Grimshaw Records Editor: John Gray

Drones: Marc Stickgold, Tom Nixon, Bob Kundus, Barb Hebbard, Art Johnston, Rhonda Benoit, Eli Benoit, Kathy Kohn, Elizabeth Kohn, Adrienne Tentler, Tom Anderson, Deborah Osment, Bob Sheffield, Phil Block, Fred LaBour, Joel Block, Diana Romanchuck Bill Corbett, David Wier, Allison Wier.

Co-Defendants: William Delhey, Rob Harris, Jerry Lax, Bob Fleming & to Paul and Trudy & all the rest of the Regents. And especially to all the remaining Michigan Daily Staff: we'll get you yet (Landsman and Grix need not apply). Argus: 725 N. University, No. 7. 48104. UPS/LNS
Sub: $3 per year, $5 per two.
Nat ad rep: Mike

"HERE HE COMES AGAIN . . . JUST BACK FROM THE MOON, I GUESS!"

Luv Letters

PEOPLE,

Along with my subscription, I'd like to thank you from the heart for saving my endangered sanity. This military thing is unbelievable. They break your body with training and leave your head for the rules and regulations. Poisoned and almost dead, my head was subject to a strong comeback as I read your paper. One of my buddies sent me a set of strings for my often silenced guitar. Inadvertantly he wrapped them in your paper which proved to be worth more than the strings themselves. I find the gift of light and spirit of hope in your paper and hope all goes well for you. As long as I know people like y'all are still out there working, I will continue to do my part and maintain sanity knowing that when I get out of this mother fucker, I can maybe lend a relatively sane and healthy existence.

Thanks again.
Serviceman,
Wurtsmith Air Force Base

DEAR KEN:
Here at MTU I'm doing three to ten for our good ole marajuana law. I read a letter from brother John from Jack and he told me to write you about what's going to be turning out with our new nation. It really sounds neat. But where I'm at is a bummer. They really despise WWP people, you know what I mean. They don't dig any movements like the present. I'd appreciate it if you'd write or have someone write me personally of how the whole thing turns out. Pamphlets, and the sort would put me on a bummer here with the you know who. I'm in a plastic reality with the same for people. I'm on a restricted visiting list now, which is a real bummer. Hope I don't end up on the mailing to, ha, ha. This is my beating around the bush is a thing for us here. Getting rode out to a maximum security joint isn't a good trip, dig. We don't hear all that much of life on the outside except when we get a newspaper from a view or else in the mail. Brother John told me or brothers to rap to you. I hope you or someone (preferably a chick, ha, ha) will rap back with great news. The plastic soldiers are hot. Oh, they censor all MY mail coming in. Another bummer. Well, I'll sign off and hope to be hearing from one of my brothers or sisters soon-see ya someday, maybe.

Peace,
John Bochnick
No. 122309
Box 492
Ionia, Mich.

To Whom it may concern:

A recent copy [July 29-August 15] of your scurrilous rag has recently come to my attention. On page 2 of this trash sheet you picture a leaflet recently distributed by our organization, the National Youth Alliance. Your vicious alteration of this leaflet and misleading statements in the accompanying article have promted us to investigate a legal response to your slander. Unless you wish to follow the footsteps of your deposed and insane "Minister of Information," we highly recommend that you issue a public apology in the next issue of the "Argus." Your actions, lacking in thought, indicate to us that the Ann Arbor unit of the National Youth Alliance will have no problems in defeating your tyranny.

Formally yours,
Patric A. Tifer
State Chairman
National Youth Alliance

To Whom It May Concern:

Take this name off your mailing list immediately. I do not want such communistic literature in my home. It is vile, rotten, not even well written and very bias.[sic] If there is no respect for law and order, the students will continue to get into more trouble as is written in this paper. If you acted like students instead of irresponsible juveniles then this kind of action would not be necessary. I hate to think of this great country being delivered into the hands of a generation that disrespects the rights of printing such as this. Mrs. Harold Sharp.

Remove Lee Sharp
31819 N Marklawn
Farminton, Michigan

from any mailing list. Any further papers delievered will be returned to you collect and you will pay the postage.

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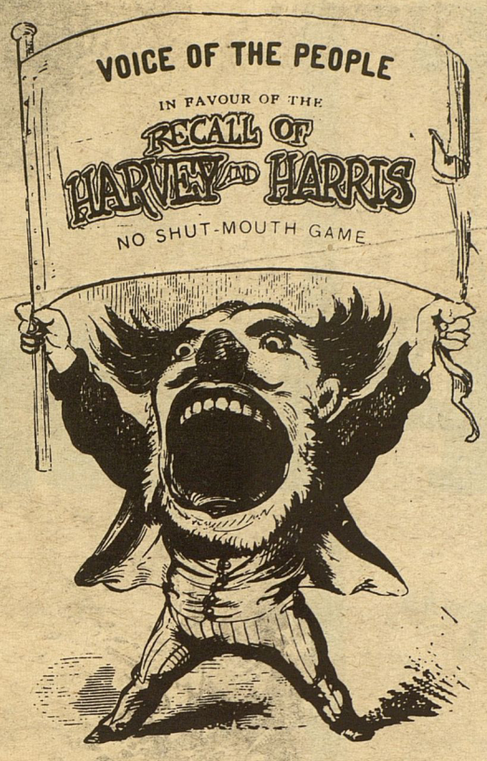

EDITORIAL

The Ann Arbor Argus supports the recall movements against Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas Harvey and against Ann Arbor Mayor Robert Harris.

Recall is one of the few democratic options left in an undemocratic political system. The Argus believes people should kick politicians out of office whenever they become unacceptable.

The Argus finds solidarity with those people wishing to remove Harvey and Harris.

Harvey has been a vicious copy of cartoon character Snidely Whiplash and Harris has been a nervous Mr. Magoo.

Harvey has used his position as an extra-legal weapon to persecute anyone who opposes him, particularly the freaks and the blacks. Harris hasn't used his authority and influence at all, except to further promote police power.

Harvey and his deputies clubbed innocent people in the South University riots this summer—in reports verified by every newspaper on the scene. Harris initially applauded police action, and then later hesitantly appointed two investigating committees. In its report last week one committee declared bus transportation to swimming pools would keep the freaks away from the police and solve everything.

Harvey threatened to disrupt city-sanctioned rock concerts this summer to arrest "potheads, sex nuts and other kooks." Harvey charged city police weren't making enough arrests. Harris responded by first cancelling the rock concerts, and then later tripling the number of city policemen at the concerts. This kept Harvey away from the concerts but also changed their appearance and atmosphere to something like social hours in a prison yard.

As an energetic, ambitious sheriff, Harvey has stolen and squandered county funds, violated state and federal laws—and then said he didn't know enough about some laws to realize when he was breaking them.

As a polite, smiling mayor, Harris has reversed his campaign promises about the need for local reform, willy-nillied away from every major issue—and then explained he didn't know enough about his job to do anything constructive.

If politicians could be criminally prosecuted, Harvey would deserve 9½-10 years in a locked room watching flicks in which little old ladies kick cops in the shins, and Harris would deserve 1½-2 years locked up in a kindergarten class with coloring books and finger-paint sets.

ALL power to the people!

Photos/Thomas R. Copi

(Editor's Note: This is the third in a series detailing the history of Sheriff Douglas Harvey. This article recounts his employment record.)

By HOWARD KOHN

Douglas Harvey held three positions in law enforcement before being elected sheriff of Washtenaw County in 1964.

He was a part-time county deputy between July, 1956 and December, 1956. He was an Ypsilanti city patrolman between December, 1956 and December, 1962. He was also a full-time county deputy between May, 1964, and December, 1964.

Harvey resigned from his first two jobs under unusual circumstances.

He lost the deputy badge in a dispute which began when he shot a farmer's cow.

He was forced out of the policeman's job after being charged with statutory rape in an informal complaint.

The rape incident was carefully closeted in confidential police files because none of the people involved wanted the embarrassment of publicity.

The Argus has pieced together details of the allegation from various reliable sources.

Harvey reportedly seduced the 15-year-old daughter of Ray McNaughton, a Ypsilanti businessman, on December 10, 1962. He was never convicted or absolved of the charge because McNaughton decided not to prosecute.

McNaughton brought his complaint to Captain James Borst of the Ypsilanti police force. Borst persuaded McNaughton to settle out of court, using the argument that public exposure would harm everyone involved.

Rather than subject his daughter to a courtroom cinema, McNaughton agreed not to press charges with the proviso Harvey would be released from the force.

McNaughton is still reluctant to discuss the incident. "Harvey runs this whole county now," he says bluntly. "I'm not going to say anything against him.

"All I'm going to say is that I never filed a formal complaint against him or anyone else."

Borst also refused to elaborate. "McNaughton can't prove anything now. I don't think he ever could," he says. "As far as I'm concerned, Harvey's resignation was completely voluntary."

McNaughton owns a drive-in in Ypsilanti and a bar on Willis Road near U.S.- 23.

Harvey, a patronizing patron of local bars and a connoisseur of barmaids, met the McNaughton girl at her father's bar. Harvey was and still is married.

After the incident, the girl remained in high school, graduated, married and finally moved from the area.

This was not the first time Harvey's personal habits had invoked disciplinary action. Even as a high school student, he was in a lot of trouble .

He was expelled from Ypsilanti High School after a series of warnings, under scored by complaints from the parents of a girlfriend. He finally graduated from Ann Arbor High School in 1948 .

He enlisted in the U.S. Navy immediately after graduation and served four years. After his discharge he worked for the Ann Arbor fire department.

He resigned as a fireman in July, 1956 to seek a higher-paying job. He took two jobs, instead, including one as a part-time deputy in the sheriff's department.

But his moonlighting as a deputy lasted only a few months.

"I had to let him go because he wasn't responsible enough," recalled Petersen, former Republican Sheriff. "He couldn't get to work on time to do his job."

A cow that escaped from a farmer's pasture one afternoon hurried Harvey's exit.

The farmer called the sheriff's department and Harvey was sent out to capture the cow. When the cow didn't cooperate, Harvey became angry and killed her with his service revolver.

The farmer was upset and wanted reimbursement. Harvey wasn't willing to pay anything.

Petersen upheld his deputy in the cow controversy, but shortly thereafter he let Harvey out of his job.

Despite his problems with Harvey, Peterson rehired him in the spring of 1964 on the basis of a personal pledge to reform.

Only a few weeks later, though, Harvey doublecrossed Petersen and entered the Democratic primary for sheriff. Harvey was nominated and subsequently elected.

Within months after taking office, he had alienated a substantial number of his deputies. After three years of simmering resentment against Harvey, several deputies formed a deputies association in the summer of 1967.

The association wanted higher wages and concessions from Harvey on working rights. Fred Postill was the chief organizer of the association. "The whole idea of deputies having any rights just revolted Harvey," Postill explained.

Harvey fired Postill and never rehired him, despite a court order which held Postill's dismissal had been illegal. Harvey also remained in open violation of the Hutchinson Act (Michigan's fair labor act) for almost a year before giving into the bargaining unit of the association.

"Harvey tries to get his way, no matter what," Postill attests. "And most of the time he succeeds."

[To Be Continued.]

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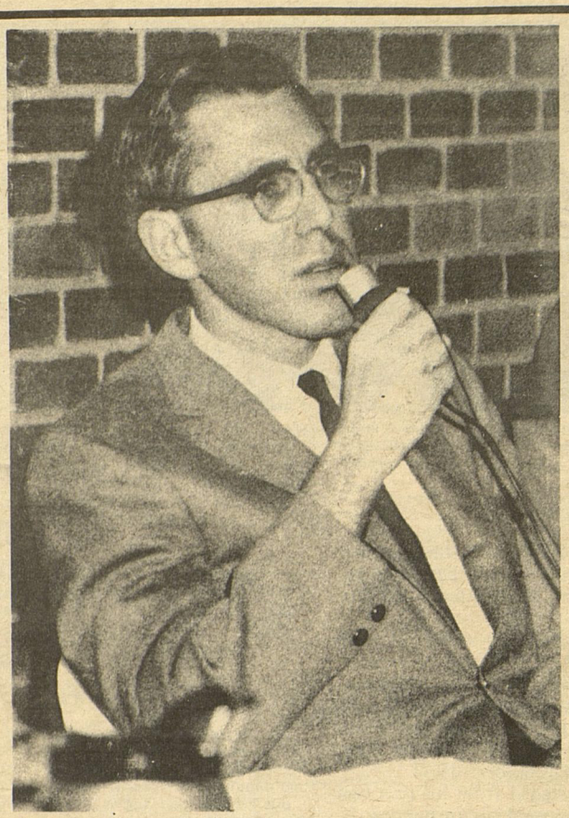
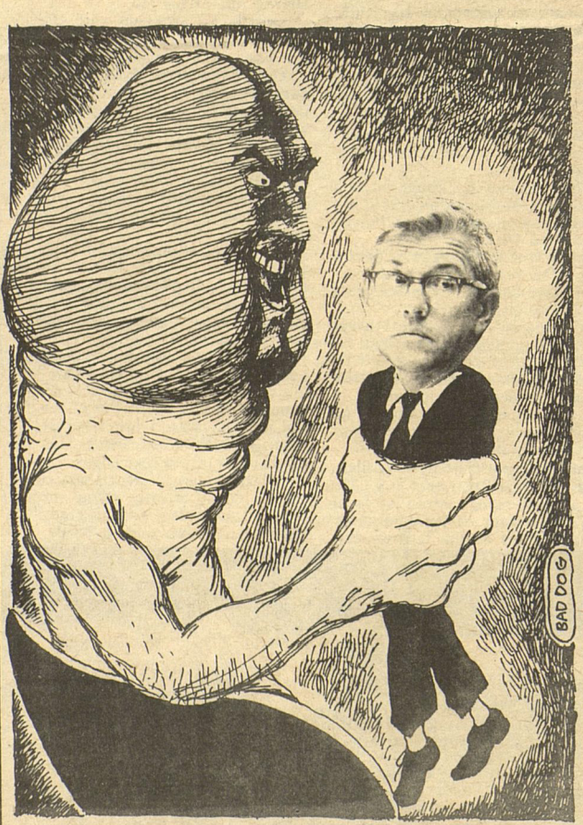


Mayor Harris poses with alleged microphone during obscenity debate.
photo/Larry Robbins

". . .Kenneth Kelley did then and there distribute an obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting newspaper, to-wit: The Ann Arbor Argus, dated August 13 - 29, 1969 Vol. 1 No. 11; Contrary to Sec. 750.343a, C. L. 1948, as amended by P. A. 1964 No. 143, . . ."



RIGHT ON, PENIS

by KEN KELLEY

Part 1: You find more things out by reading the Ann Arbor News. IT's really a community newspaper. For instance, about three weeks ago I found out I was going to be arrested four days before it happened.

It all started last issue. People on the staff were pretty pissed off over the statements Councilman James Stephenson was making about us—turgid genitals and all that shit. "Why don't we throw it right back in his face," suggested one of our impassioned, fuzz-faced, right-on, flaming young reporters. "Oh, all right," agreed one of our aging, tired old editors. So what emerged was this back page with this, ah, alleged penis (what the Daily called "oversize") drawn into the uplifted fist and grinning visage of Mr. Stephenson. Personally, I didn't think it was very funny at first. It wasn't until later that the profound hilarity and the absurd relevance of it all struck me.

The first account in the Ann Arbor News appeared on a Thursday. From that we learned that a strange legal precedent had been set. County Prosecutor Delhey, Police Chief Krasny, AND Stephenson had met and conferred as to what to do about the matter. Our sources indicate that Stephenson wasn't exactly a moderating influence, so just what he was conspiring to do with Delhey and Krasny is undetermined. Anyway, they all trouped over to City Attorney Jerold Lax's office, who told them that *HE* wasn't gonna prosecute, because it was a political statement, thus protected under the constitution. (In fact, Lax told me later that he thought the drawing was pretty funny, and that it was "magnificently timed" because of the then upcoming debate on a city obscenity ordinance sponsored by Stephenson.

So on Friday I read in the News where Delhey thought his case against the Argus was getting hotter by the minute. On Saturday, he was so steamed up that he said a warrant would be issued right after Labor Day.

So I made plans to turn myself in. Marc Stickgold told us how we should arrange the defense. We are going to turn this thing into a political circus. We are going to subpoena every fucking official in this city. We may even subpoena their wives, to testify as to whether their old men's "prurient interests" were aroused by the picture, which of course is the only legal definition of obscenity.

Anyway, early Wednesday morning, the 3rd, Marc, Neal Bush (Fleagle), Frank Munger (co-attorney) and I went tripping on down to city hall into the waiting arms of Sgt. Norman Olmstead. I had known Olmstead before. He was one of the dressing room guards at the "Dionysus" bust, kept the crowd back when a crazed parent literally dragged his protesting Ann Arbor High School son from a schoolboard meeting, and has made his presence known at the Sunday rock concerts. He shaves his head with a razor.

I was fingerprinted and booked, and Olmstead told me that he was the culprit signing the official complaint. We went upstairs to Judge Samurai Eldon's courtroom, and waited two hours for hizzoner to put on his makeup. Curling his moustache, he ambled into the courtroom. After two cases, my name was read. I approached the bench, adrenelin soaring through my veins. I waited patiently as Marc said all the legal stuff he had to say. Finally Eldon asked, "how do you spell your name?" "K-E-L-L-E-Y." I burst. "I mean your lawyer," he said sternly. That was it.

FLASH! As the Argus was going to press, Argus editor Ken Kelley was served with a summons for him to appear in Washtenaw County Circuit Court. The suit was filed by former Republican City Councilman Robert Hathaway and two unknowns.

However, Kelley was not the only one thus served. Named as co-defendants were Washtenaw County Prosecutor William Delhey, Ann Arbor Mayor Robert Harris, City Attorney Jerold Lax, and the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan.

Delhey is included because he didn't go far enough in prosecution of the Argus, Harris and Lax because they didn't try to prosecute under city obscenity laws, and the Board of Regents because they allow the Argus to be distributed on campus.

"He (Hathaway) has flipped his wig," alleged Harris, upon hearing of the summons. "It's the first time I'll appear in court as a defendant."

Delhey would not comment to the Argus about anything.

U-M President Robben Fleming appeared his usual unruffled self, commenting that "I'll simply turn it over to University attorneys."

Kelley commented that he was "deeply honored to be included in an indictment with so many esteemed officials. I'm at a loss for words—this comes as a total surprise to me, my family, and my friends. Maybe tomorrow I'll have more to say."

However, it is known that Kelley plans to ask his co-defendants if he can act as press liason for the group (The Ann Arbor Four), and will ask to serve as general spokesman. He has discussed the possibility of posing in a group shot with his co-defendants, and Mayor Harris has at least tentatively agreed. The site is expected to be the Water Tower in Ypsilanti.

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Except for the $1,000 bond. (The case before mine, a young kid, no "security", no job, accused of a felony, was given $750 bond). Preliminary examination set for October 1.

Part 2: the Michigan Daily saga, see right hand side of page.

Part3: the City Council meeting of Monday, Sept. 9. Carl Cohen of the ACLU made a statement that the Stephenson ordinance was stupid, and so was anyone that voted for it, etc. The New Democratic Coalition read a statement of support. Paul Carrington of the Law School drawled a speech urging that the Argus be firebombed (almost), but said the proposed ordinance was no good.

As for myself, I sat about 2 feet away from Stephenson. I kept a steady eye fixed on him, as I had never met him before. Occasionally he would let his eyes wander gradually over to my presence. When he would see I was looking back, his neck would snap back into place.

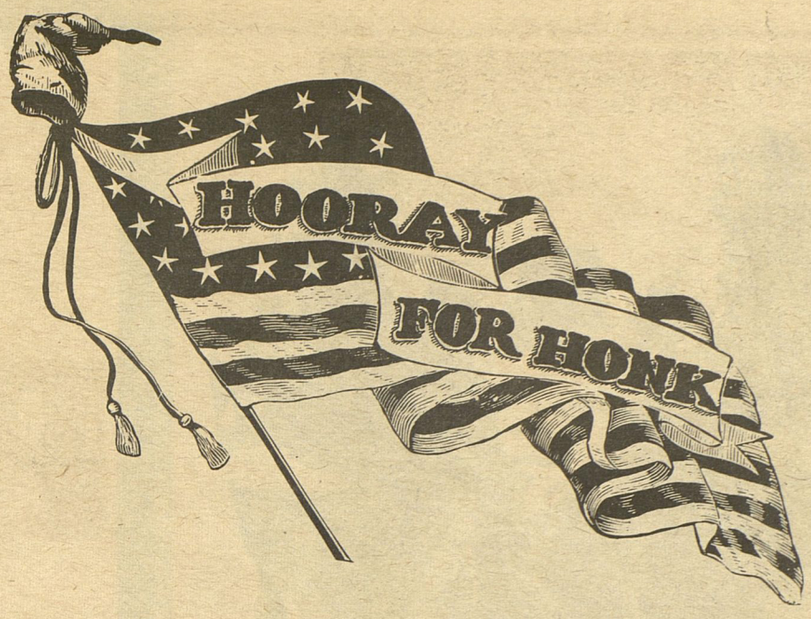
The discussion of the ordinance was lotsa fun. Political insanity at its best. Stephenson kept trying, in his own heavyhanded little way, to bait the six Democratic Councilmen, Mayor Harris, and Lax. But Harris and Kazarinoff kept him in the corner. "I asked for candidness, ", said Stephenson. "In all candidness, do you think your proposed ordinance would cover publications like the Argus?" Harris asked. "I'm going to ask for city attorney's fee if I have to keep answering these questions that I bring up," Stephenson would say.

The ordinance itself was great—any redblooded American would have been proud to have broken that law. Things like prohibiting any depiction of the human breast unless it was covered from the upper part of nipple on down, and absolutely NO turgid genitals without jockstraps. Stephenson still couldn't bring himself to say "penis", even though the Ann Arbor News did.

Well, all the Democrats read long speeches on why they were going to vote against it, even though they wouldn't let their children read the Argus, and how they sympathized with Stephenson, and how the drawing was just in awful taste.

The only interesting moment came when one of the Democrats was reading from his speech, and came to "and so, gentlemen, the real fallac. . .er, ah, fallacy of this ordinance . . ." Everyone laughed. Except Stephenson and prunefaced Republican Don Edwards. IT was defeated on strictly party lines.

Part 4: We sold out of last issue.



"79 Years of, ah....."

"I think Vietnam's alot more important."
—Martin Hirschman, Daily junior staffer

"I don't see why we should stick our necks out--the Ann Arbor News didn't."
--The Michigan Daily business staff

by KEN KELLEY

The Michigan Daily is still trying to recover from a massive coronary suffered recently. Laboring under the strain of editorial freedom versus political suppression, the 78-year-old newspaper finally collapsed one afternoon in the senior edit office.

Doctors were very pessimistic about the Daily's chances. They said she had suffered excessive brain damage when efforts to revive her were blocked by two 78-year-old men, Henry Grix (pronounced Onree Gree) and Ron Landsman, the adjective king, allegedly the editor and managing editor respectively.

Grix and Landsman are currently under indictment for conspiracy to commit [redacted].

The Daily had been in a state of tension because The Argus had printed a political cartoon of Ann Arbor Councilman James Stephenson holding what some people interpreted as a penis. (See story on left.)

In the first of two strife-ridden meetings, The Daily senior editors voted 8-2 to reproduce the picture along with a strong editorial condemning prosecution of the Argus as political harassment and proclaiming solidarity with the issue of free press. Grix and Landsman cast the two dissenting votes, appalled that The Daily could stoop to such a tasteless, unimportant issue.

The next day Grix and Landsman enlisted the help of Luke Cooperrider and L. Hart Wright of the Law School. Cooperrider is past chairman and Wright present chairman of the Board for Student Publications which controls the Daily purse strings. Cooperrider is a heavy contributor to the Republican Party and worked in Stephenson's last campaign. Wright was a vocal supporter of Lyndon Johnson, right up until he pulled out, on the grounds LBJ was "the only one who can do the job."

Suddenly Libel Law Loomed Large.

Basing their entire argument on the assumption the Burger Court will overturn the 1965 landmark case of Sullivan v. The New York Times (which gave the media the right to attack any politician, even falsely, as long as no malice can be proved), Cooperrider and Wright wrangled on about The Daily going bankrupt.

Almost all other libel experts disagreed with their analysis. Yet Cooperrider and Wright succeeded in frightening three senior editors to change their mind--Marcia Abramson, Leslie Wayne and Jenny Stiller.

In a compromise move, the entire staff was collected together to decide the issue--editorial, sports, business and photography. The lines were pretty clearly drawn: the radical sports and photo staffs were almost 100 per cent in favor of reprinting the cartoon, while the business staff was concerned about not getting anymore Republican advertisements in the next election. The editorial staff, with the exception of the five senior editors and four underclassmen, giggled and lit cigarettes.

Wright gave a gestureful speech (which he will no doubt recount to his grandchildren) about how poor underfed Henry Grix would take all the blame in a libel suit because he couldn't guarantee that the publications board would put up the money for legal expenses. He conjured up visions of Grix rotting away in the county jail, bringing tears to the eyes of many, and reinforcing the fervor of others.

The blackmail worked. The final vote was 46-25 against printing the cartoon.

Then John Gray (the literary editor who figured this was a literary issue anyway) proposed a plan to circumvent any possible libel suit. He agreed to pose for a picture with a drawing of a penis superimposed on his picture.

The seniors adjourned to discuss Gray's suggestion. Landsman tugged on his beard as he blustered about trying to convince everyone the issue was "silly." Miss Wayne flitted about, flattening the pleats of her skirt, nervous because her vote could have been the swing vote. Eventually the idea was again defeated, 5-5.

Grix wrote the editorial for The Daily later that night. He argued that the prosecutor's office was ignoring "many more prominent injustices in this country...injustices which really threaten the welfare of this country." See, The Argus' political cartoon was only a "minor injustice." He also urged Stephenson to sue for libel.

The Daily has aged rapidly in the years since Tom Hayden (1960-61) was editor. Sadly, its senility and impotence are obvious in every day's front page.

Now, according to reliable sources, Grix and Landsman are requiring that anyone joining The Daily be at least 40 years old and have a weak heart (or be, preferably, dead).

Daily Turns to Shit

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The Action

By Marc

The need to build anti-war and anti-imperialist struggle and consciousness among servicemen is one of the crucial tasks of the movement. Dissent, rebellions, work slowdowns, riots, racial tensions and other serious manifestations of GI discontent and disgust with the military and the horror it is perpetrating in Vietnam and elsewhere is growing each day. Those interested in building a mass working class struggle in America realize that the men and women in the military, particularly those that have been inducted, must be reached, and the imperialism, racist, male supremacist nature of the military and United States society must be explained.

Throughout the country there are now organizing projects around military bases, which through newspapers, coffee houses, and other organizing techniques, attempt to provide GIs with the other information and support in their struggles that they never receive frombourgeois society and institutions. To this end, having full information concerning the legal rights of servicemen is essential, not only so that tactics and strategy can be more successfully planned, but so that we can serve the people—in this case, GIs—most effectively. The Army recently issued AG-AM-P [M] [27 May 1969] DCSPER-SARD, military hieroglyphics for "Guidance on Dissent."

The incident which provoked the issuance of this document was the formation at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, of GIs United Against the War in Vietnam. After some weeks of organizing, during which time hundreds of GIs participated in rallies and petition signings at Fort Jackson, directed primarily toward forcing the Army to allow anti-war organizing to take place on the base, nine GIs were arrested and charged with multiple offenses for their activities. One of the nine, who turned out to be an Army Intelligence Agent, later had the charges against him dropped, and the case of the Fort Jackson Eight received national publicity. A national team of attorneys succeeded in having charges against all eight dropped. It was in this context that the Guidance on Dissent was issued.

The document was surprisingly "liberal" and was the result of a power struggle with in the Army, which concluded with the civilian element winning out over the military element. The guidelines state:

> "Dissent," in the literal sense of disagreement with policies of the Government, is a right of every citizen. In our system of Government, we do not ask that every citizen or every soldier agree with every policy of the Government. Indeed, the First Amendment to the Constitution requires that one be permitted to believe what he will.

As "ordinary" as this statement sounds, until it was issued it was not even legally clear that servicemen had any right of free speech at all. Many elements within the military asserted that one surrendered this right upon entering the military, and could be disciplined for exercising that right. "The right to express opinions on matters of public and personal concern (not just silently hold those opinions) is secured to soldier and civilian alike. . ."

The guidelines deal with a number of specific problems, all of which are crucial in the task of military organizing—to both GIs and civilians. The first problem is the right to possess and distribute political materials. The guidelines first state unequivocally that "Mere possession of a publication may not be prohibited..." The guidelines do state, however, that "a commander may require that prior approval be obtained for any distribution on post" of materials distributed "through other than official outlets." One should clearly check to see if such a regulation has been enacted on the particular base with which he is dealing, since it is not clear whether materials may be prohibited on an "ad hoc" basis.

However, even this power to prohibit publications is severely limited, at least on paper. The guidelines indicate that "A commander may not prevent distribution of a publication simply because he does not like its contents...(A) commander must have cogent reasons, with supporting evidence, for any denial of distribution privileges. The fact that a publication is critical—even unfairly critical—of government policies or officials, is not in itself, a grounds for denial." The regulations go on to indicate that a commander should prohibit materials only if the publications themselves are unlawful (e.g., legally obscene, inciting mutiny, etc.) or "if the manner of accomplishing the distribution materially interferes with the accomplishment of a military mission."

One should not be naive in assuming that all base commanders will abide by the relatively strict guidelines laid down. Their judgment as to what is "obscene" is likely to be quite broad. Nevertheless, one should keep these guidelines in mind when preparing to distribute materials, since a request to the commander which is denied on an improper basis would present a very strong legal defense to any disciplinary action taken against a serviceman for distribution.

The guideline then deals with coffee

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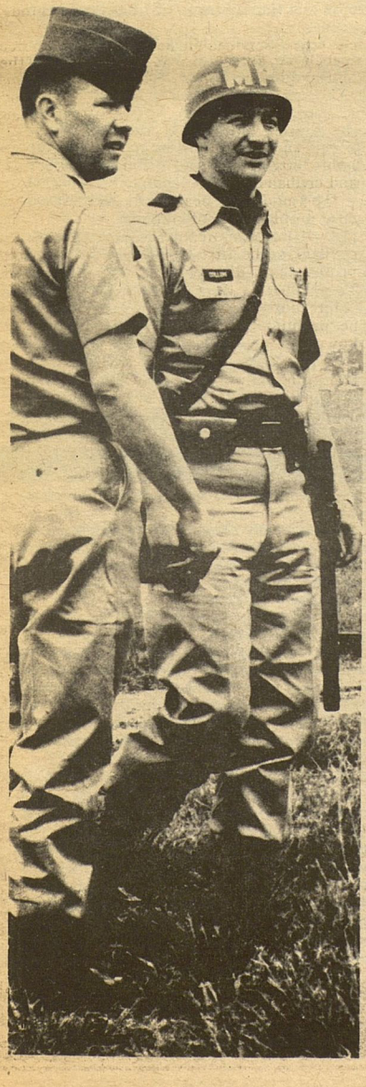
New Army

Stickgold



houses. It indicates that:

The Army should not use its off-limits powers to restrict soldiers in the exercise of their constitutional rights of:

> —freedom of speech and freedom of association by barring attendance at coffee houses, unless it can be shown, for example, that activities taking place in the coffee-houses include illegal acts.

The same principle would prevent commanders from placing certain cities off-limits solely because an anti-war demonstration or other such activity was going to occur there. As will be seen shortly, it is perfectly legal for servicemen to participate in such demonstrations, although the likelihood of "informal" intimidation and harassment increasing is great if their activities are discovered.

Believe it or not, the guideline also indicates that membership in a servicemen's union cannot be prohibited. It further states that "current regulations do not prohibit such membership. "It is clear, as a matter of constitutional law, that this principle applies to membership in any political organization, so that the right of servicemen legally (not to be confused with the likely practical consequences) to join SDS, the Black Panther Party, or any other organization, is also protected. The regulation is quick to add, however, that "Commanders are not authorized to recognize or to bargain with a 'servicemen's Union."

One of the crucial tools of organizing is the "underground GI newspaper." These papers, which now exist at over fifty bases in the United States, as well as overseas, are often the first contact that a GI has with the ideas of the movement. They are also an important tool of letting the dissident GI know that there are others that feel as he does about the Army, about the war, about racism, who are willing to struggle together. The guidelines say the following about "underground papers." Although distribution of these papers "on base" must be done in accordance with the regulations requiring commander's permission,

> Army regulations provide that personal literary efforts may not be pursued during duty hours or accomplished by the use of Army property. However, the publication of "underground newspapers" by soldiers off-post, on their own time, and with their own money and equipment is generally protected under the First Amendment guaranteeing freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Unless such a newspaper contains language, the utterance of which is punishable under Federal law (this is crucial since almost all laws concerning obscene literature, etc. are state, not federal laws), authors of an underground newspaper" may not be disciplined for mere publication.

The guideline deals briefly, but concisely, with the right of soldiers to participate in demonstrations. Demonstrations are prohibited on-post, but the validity of AR600-20 and 600-21 which authorize such prohibition have been challenged on constitutional grounds in the federal courts and the case is still pending. Any opening that is wedged in this absolute prohibition will be a major victory. Off-post demonstrations however are only prohibited to servicemen in uniform, when on duty, in a foreign country, or when violence or other illegal activity is "likely to result." The regulation puts no geographic restrictions on these demonstrations, so that it appears that soldiers may participate, while off-duty and out-of-uniform, in a demonstration 100 feet from the main gate of their base as well as in some larger anti-war march in a distant city.

Organizers and GIs are well aware, that in spite of their "legal rights," commanders often harass, intimidate, and discipline servicemen arbitrarily, not only through the means of court-martial, but through punitive transfers or details, and a million tiny ways known all too well to GIs. However, the same is true to some extent in civilian life. Distributors of leaflets, anti-war activists, and other members and radicals of Black libeartion struggles are often attacked, legally and physically, for engaging in legal constitutional activity. It is essential that the basic response to this repression be a political one. Only through the mobilization of masses of people can the ultimate struggle be won. But this does not mean that court suits, court-martials, and other legal proceedings cannot often be the focus for political organizing, and a means of expressing to GIs the exact nature of the system of which they are a part, and asked to fight for—a system which depends on the theft of the labor and lives of millions of working people throughout the world to enrich a few. Complete knowledge of the contradictions that exist within the system, and the various lines of defense that can be used when political repression occurs, is a crucial part of the political struggle. It is in this spirit that this presentation of GIs "legal" rights is presented.

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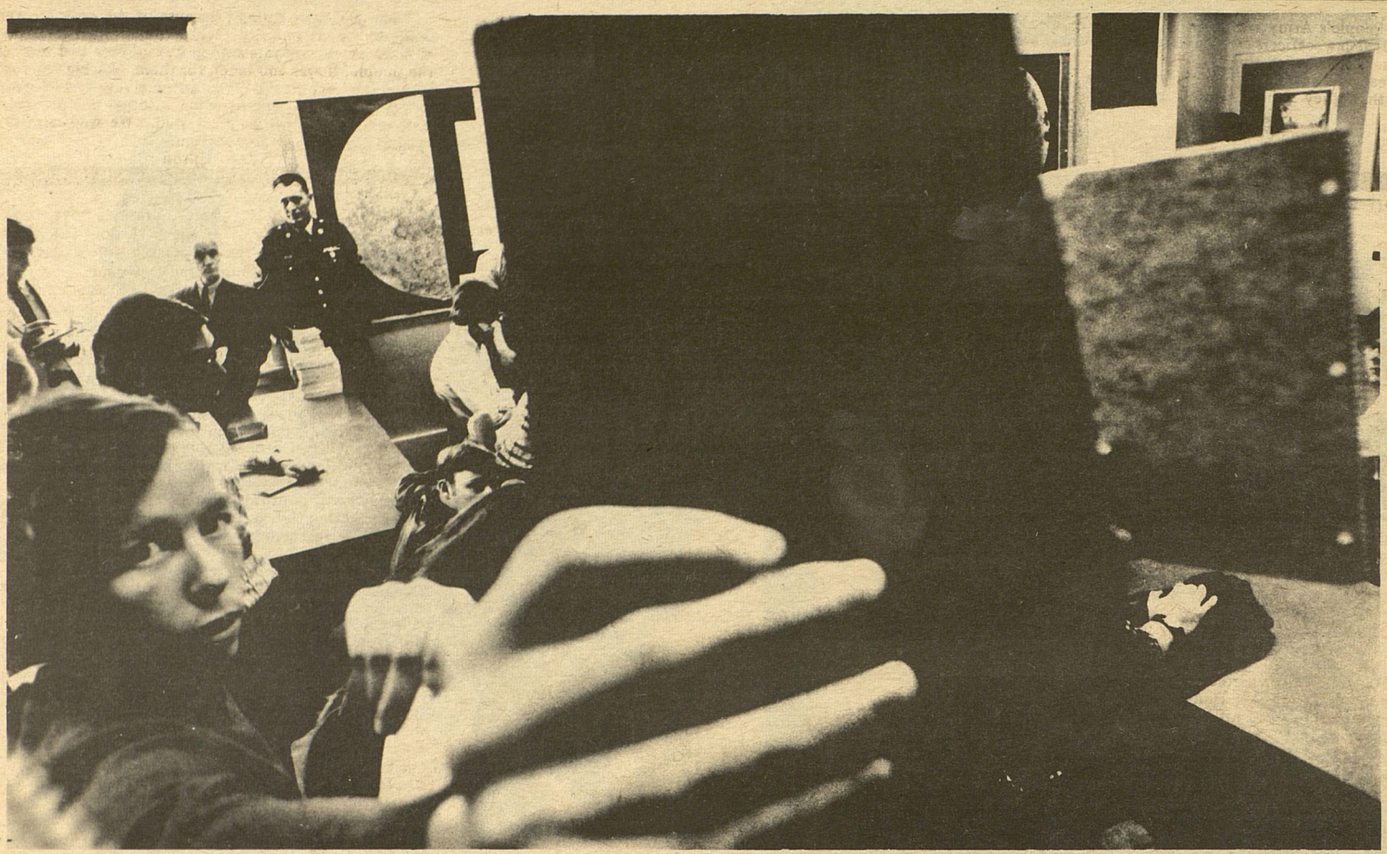


Anti-ROTC protestor attempts to stifle photography. Photo/Thomas R. Copi.

The Trials of SDS

The long awaited trial of the University of Michigan for complicity in the death and destruction caused by the United States in Viet Nam and other foreign countries begins on Wednesday, September 17, 7:30 p.m.

At that time, the Central Student Judiciary officially will begin hearings on charges by the University that Students for a Democratic Society interfered with a recruiter from the Navy last March.

In fact, however, the defendants are charging the University with immoral and illegal conspiracy with that demon of destruction, the United States Department of Defense, to slaughter thousands of people and further American imperialism. S.D.S. and the four named plaintiffs justify , allegedly blocking the door where Augustin L'Etoile, a representative of the Naval Underwater Weapons Research and Engineering Station, was attempting to recruit engineering students for employment. Their action was both a protest against imperialism and an attempt to upset the American death machine and protect third parties, those parties being all who resist the American take-over in Southeast Asia.

The alleged blocking of the door caused L'Etoile to remain in room 120 AA West Engin Building for over five hours while engineering students and faculty tried to overcome the S.D.S. force of over 50 people.

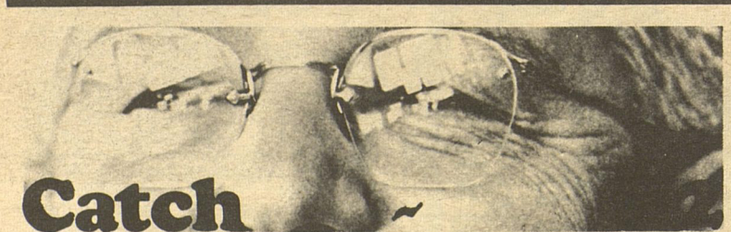
S.D.S. members and their legal counsel spent the summer studying the role of the University in Pentagon work. Last week the defendants asked the Central Student Judiciary to subpoena all written material, both classified and unclassified, on the University's relationship with the Department of Defense and the military. CSJ has issued the subpoena.

S.D.S. is also demanding that A. Geoffrey Norman, vice president for research, Ruen Evaldson, director of the Willow Run Lab, and Thomas Butlet, director of the Cooley Lab, (among others) be forced to testify about military interest at the University.

If the University refuses to provide the necessary documents and officials, S.D.S.'s defense will demand the charges be dropped since the University, as plaintiff, has refused to abide with a legitimate request.

The trial is part of an all-out attack by radical groups against the military policy of the University (including ROTC). Demonstrations will be taking place all week during the trial and there will be a teach-in over that weekend.

The trial, now scheduled for Assembly Hall in the Michigan Union, will be more than a cut-and-dry legal event. S.D.S. invites everyone to attend. Bands will play during recesses and the audience is invited to participate.



Catch

By BILL CORBETT

The struggle to talk ROTC off campus continues, as Robben Fleming and his fellow rimless spectacles threaten to bust demonstrators, and the loose coalition of Ann Arbor splinter radical groups again displays its brilliant tactics. (which have made Michigan such a hotbed of political activism lo these many years.)

Last Friday night, Sept. 12, about 800 joined in a torchlight parade around the campus, which ended at North Hall, the cerebral slaughterhouse in which breed the Reserve Officer Training Corpses.

Another Fleming dictum came down, to wit: because so many non-students are involved in the protests, doggonnit, he's gonna hafta bust everybody. If only STUDENTS were involved, see, he could just take university action. Above all, he emphasized that the whole situation is very complex.

AND, in a masterful stroke of retribution in retrospect, Fleming announced that everyone who participated in the Thursday (Sept. 11) demonstration, might be prosecuted, even if they had rehabilitated themselves overnight.

Conviction carries a possible sentence of 90 days and $100 fine, maximum.

Terrified by Fleming's fuming fulminations, the student radicals, many of whom date back as far as 1964, participated in some democracy: no pictures can be taken, but reporters, sans tape recorders, can stay (for the time being), and at the first sign of pigs, skeedaddle over the Bridge to the Hill.

The thing is, there is no difference between the action this year and the year before and the year before. Barry Bluestone has been blue since before the days of Eric Chester. Others, mercifully, go on to Harvard or Stanford, but those that stay just perpetuate the mediocrity. Mass meetings, interminable votes, occasionally some arrests, then summer vacation. The insanity which is this planet is no game, but they treat it like one. The whole shit around ROTC is just another round. Michigan SDS (yes, it's still here, though it admits, if one believes the Daily, to being "middle-class elitist"--a variation on the current National Office line, and the other peace creeps just can't seem to go beyond their textbook intellectual reasons on why there should be no war and get down to effective guerilla tactics.

If Chief Krasny, in collusion with Fleming, do decide a raid, Michigan may erupt. But it'll return to normal, because the ROTC issue will be lost in the inevitable protests of a mass bust, and the general outrage at the arrests evaporates under the pressure of final exams. The struggle against the real roots of military and economic imperialism --the racism, elitism, chauvinism and stupidism of Amerika--gets bypassed in the excitement.

But hopefully there's alot of incoming freshmen who aren't bound by memories of the nice peaceful sitins and marches and diag rallies of the past...

Anyway:

CHRONOLOGY OF THE ANTI ROTC MOVEMENT TO DATE:

Thursday, Sept. 11: ROTC classes were successfully disrupted in a peaceful manner. Debate between about 60 protestors and senior ROTC students occurred from 1 p.m. until 5 p.m. The session appeared to be a successful rap on the role of ROTC and imperialism.

Coalition members argued that ROTC is a direct arm of the Pentagon, which is the control center for aggression and American imperialism. The Pentagon enforces the interests of the industrial complex, which has interests in producing war materials for profit and exploiting underdeveloped countries of natural resources needed by American Industry.

Part of the rap between the coalition and ROTC students:

ROTC: in a free(?) university ROTC should be allowed. A person should have a choice whether or not he wants to learn about military tactics.

Coalition: Personal freedoms are allowed

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"The People's Army will not stand for these attacks by so-called law officers, who are in fact nothing but criminals with a badge that allows them to break and enter, steal and assault the people; and then, tell the victims that they (the victims) are the criminals."
--Gary Wilson
Defense Captain, the Ann Arbor Black Berets

Pork Roust

by DAVID WEIR

August 31 was Mayor Robert Harris' day off. It was the day before Labor Day.

On August 31, at approximately 11:30 p.m., about 20 Ann Arbor cops and sheriff deputies raided the local Black Beret headquarters at 203 E. Ann Street. They attempted to beat up the 15 brothers inside, wrecking the office and stealing lists of names of the people working on RECALL in the process. Both the Berets and RECALL were evicted several days later.

As a result of the raid, three cops ended up in the hospital and five Berets were arrested on charges of assault. Within a week, half a dozen more Berets were picked up on a number of charges.

The raid was the latest in a long string of harassments aimed at destroying the Berets, and the first in an apparent new drive at hassling the RECALL people.

Mayor Harris and Chief Krasny agree that the Berets present a grave revolutionary threat to their uptight white community. Also they are afraid that if RECALL can get enough signatures before the October 8 deadline, Brother Douglas Harvey will be once and for all driven from the County.

The Labor Day eve raid, led by two of Krasny's tough boys--a Cpl. Johnson and an Officer DeGrand--was conducted under the guise of arresting David Hunter who was wanted for parole violation. Johnson and DeGrand claimed they saw Hunter walking down the street and into the Beret office, so they followed him in to make the arrest.

When asked later why his boys picked the Beret office for an arrest when they knew that a fight was bound to ensue, Krasny responded with "You arrest when and where you find a person."

This, however, was news to Hunter, who said he had been observed several times by the patrolling officers that very day and that he had even been around the Beret/RECALL headquarters a number of times the day before. (The building is located only one half block from Police Headquarters and has been under constant surveillance since the Berets moved in.)

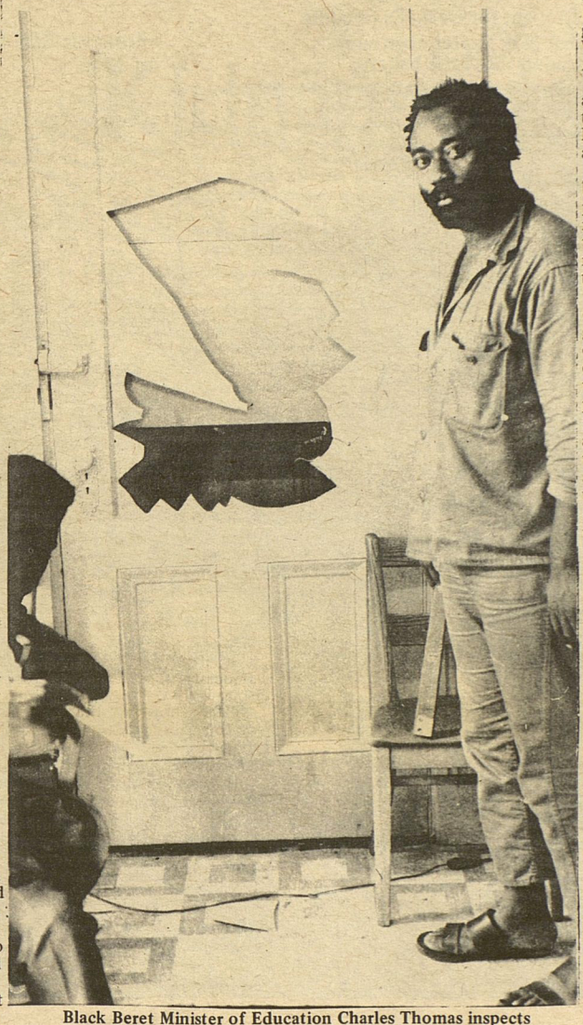
In his official "report" submitted to Harris on September 5, Krasny fabricated a fantastic story to cover the activities of his deputies.

One of his principal allegations was that the arresting officers were not "familiar" with the premises. (When Zoology Professor Robert Beyer, who is a member of the RECALL Steering Committee, heard that claim, he said, "Bullshit! The cops have been hassling the Berets ever since they moved in.")

One of the key points in Krasny's story is that Johnson and DeGrand were simply on a routine patrol when they spotted Hunter on Ann Street. The Berets, however, confirmed that a number of patrol cars cruised up and down in front of the building all day long, especially as the hour of the bust approached.

When Johnson and DeGrand came to the door and demanded Hunter, the Beret security guard refused them entrance unless they could produce a warrant. They didn't have one, so the security guard started to close the door, when about six cops jumped him and forced their way inside.

During the ensuing melee, Hunter walked right out the front door untouched. He remained in full sight of the police for several days hence, and has since gone into hiding, vowing never to be arrested.



Black Beret Minister of Education Charles Thomas inspects ruin wrought by Ann Arbor pigs. Photo/Thomas R. Copi.

In drawing up their "report", Krasny's boys claimed that Hunter escaped out of the back door (there is no back door), and that reinforcements were called when the Berets attacked Johnson and DeGrand.

Of the 15 Berets taking part in a physical education class at the time (there were no RECALL people present, five were arrested and beaten on the spot. Victor [Grayson, Eugene Gregory, and Gary Wilson were charged with 'Assault of a Police Officer;' while Jerome Wright and Lorenzo Small were booked on a Felonious Assault charge.

Later in the week, Howard Hayes was arrested on an assault charge, even though he was not present during the raid. Several other Berets, including Jimmy Wine, Percy Jones, and Hazel Crosby, have been picked up on a variety of charges since the incident.

The clearly political nature of the raid was perhaps best illustrated by its timing--at a time when Beret propaganda reached its most intense point since formation of the group last June. The Berets have adopted many Black Panther Programs, although they are not formally affiliated with the national group at this time.

Members were up selling papers every morning at 6:30, and were stepping up efforts at educating younger brothers in the black community. They also were organizing a free breakfast program and a campaign for decentralization of the police force. In addition, during the week before the bust, they had been gathering support for the RECALL Harvey movement.

Beret leader Gary Wilson said of the continuous harassment: "These stupid reactionary pigs don't realize that the only reason we even have a revolutionary organization here in Ann Arbor is because of the attacks upon the revolutionary people the world over.

"The local pigs were especially uptight because of the success of our work in the community," he said.

Several nights before the arrest, tensions had reached a peak when hot weather forced the Berets outside for the showing of a Huey Newton movie. Several Ann Arbor cops became furious at the sight of young blacks viewing another side of the law-enforcement picture.

Nothing happened then, however, and the August 31 raid came as a surprise to both the Berets and the RECALL people.

Harris' acceptance of Krasny's report was tempered slightly when a number of 'legitimate' members of the community complained about the raid. Harris then began to hint at a possible investigation into the incident, although when the Argus went to print he still had not initiated any action.

He did tell the Argus that the purpose of any investigation would not be "to find out the facts" but to "recommend improvements" in the present investigating procedure.

This was similar to the gutless stand taken by Harris last spring when HRC member Ray Chauncey was beaten up without reason by Krasny's Wade Wagner.

Wagner, of course, was immediately hired by Sheriff Harvey.

Then when the police riot came along in June, Harris actually backed the blatant atrocities committed by both Krasny's and Harvey's men.

[continued on page 22]

"The pigs were uptight because of the work we were doing in the community. When they saw us getting up at 6:30 every morning selling newspapers and serving the people, it was too much for them. During the week before the bust we were putting on a very special effort to get pig Harvey out of office and get our decentralization of police campaign started. We were also organizing a free breakfast program.
--Gary Wilson

in this society provided they don't injure anyone. ROTC teaches how to kill--a direct contradiction of American libertarian thought.

ROTC: If military training wasn't on campus, then the military wouldn't have the chance to put liberal college graduates in officer positions to improve the military.

Coalition: The military is so tightly structured and bureaucratic that liberal officers couldn't do anything to promote debate and humanitarianism in the military.

Note: A series of pictures hung on the right-hand wall. One was a battle scene from the Civil War. Caption: "Good Marksmanship and Guts."

Thursday night: Mass meeting of about 250 persons in Auditorium A. The following decisions were made by the coalition:

--to allow the press coverage of the demonstrations and disruptions. (majority vote.)

--to prevent the press from taking pictures and tape recordings of disruptions. (91-89 vote, some not voting) Coalition members seemed uptight about having the U and pigs in possession of their pictures.

--to continue disruption of Friday (Sept. 12) classes. (was changed early Friday morning by the Coalition steering committee after Administration's announcement of prosecutions if disruptions continued.)

--to hold a noon rally on the diag, Monday, Sept. 15.

The meeting was over 2 hours long, with people leaving gradually after one hour.

Friday, Sept. 12: U administration announced possible civil and criminal action.

A security guard was checking ID's of anyone who entered North Hall. (anyone not looking like a ROTC student or cop).

Colonel Antonio Criscuolo, Air Force ROTC, refused to give statement to Argus. Interview:

Him: Where did you say you're from?

Me: The Argus. Can I ask you some questions?

Him: I have no statement to make. I don't like your newspaper. It's filthy.

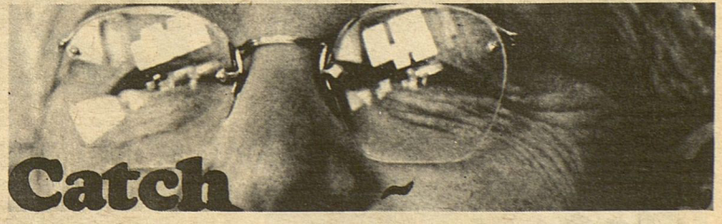
Me: What will you instructors do if a disruption occurs today?

Him: I have no other statement to make other than the one I have already.

Me: What statement was that, and who did you make it to?

Him: You, and the statement is that I have no statement to make.

Colonel Hanna, Navy ROTC, told Argus that he informed his instructors to read a statement prepared by the university if a disruption took place. The statement informed students not enrolled in the class that they may be subjected to civil or criminal prosecution if they did not leave.



The Coalition held a meeting at 11 a.m. in the SAB to decide what to do so the people who were in Thursday's presecutions wouldn't be prosecuted if further disruptions continued.

Barry Bluestone said that the university and state police apparently have pictures of everyone involved.

The group decided on dorm rapping and torchlight parade for Friday night, with disruptions continuing Monday afternoon (Sept 15).

Friday night: Two hundred and fifty people assembled in the diag to start the march. Marching to West Quad, South Quad and East Quad increased the group to 400 strong. Chants of "Smash ROTC," "Join Us," and "End the War," could be heard, with an occasional "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win."

Two of Ann Arbor's finest got uptight on the corner of Church and South U, as the crowd took almost 5 minutes to cross the street. One grabbed his pocket radio, pulled up the antenna, and radioed to the pigsty.

Past Markley, Alice Lloyd and across the bridge to North Hall, demonstrators numbered about 800 strong.

A speech was made by Bluestone about Rockefeller and about the necessity of ending the Imperialist Way.

A male shouted from the crowd, "Fuck Rockefeller!"

A girl screamed, "No, *DON'T* fuck Rockefeller." Everyone laughed.

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mick power

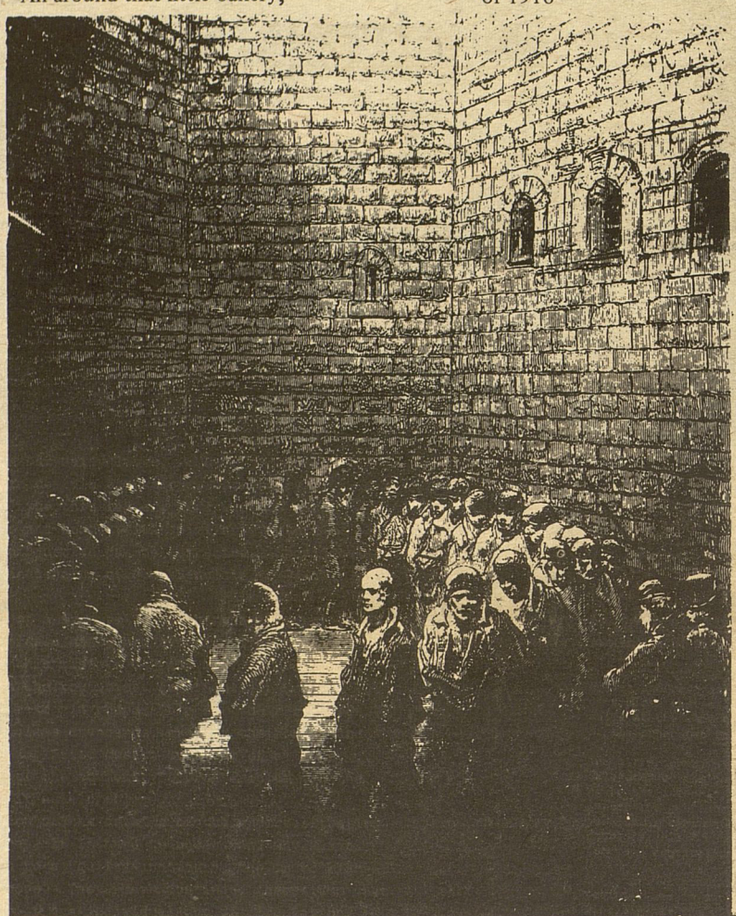
KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning,
High upon a gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.

Only a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there.s no one can deny,
That he went to death that morning,
Nobly held his head up high.
"Shoot me like an Irish soldier
So not hand me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that dark Septermber morn—
All around that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand.
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
For I fought to free Ireland."

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know;
"Turn informer, adn we'll free you."
Proudly Barry answered, "No!"

—From the Irish Revolution
of 1916



Devlin Dazzles

NEW YORK (LNS)—Bernadette Devlin ended her fund-raising tour in the U.S. with a warning that while she wanted the support of all Irishmen for the battle her people were waging in the six northern counties of Ireland, she did not want the support of any bigots.

Speaking to an enthusiastic crowd of 500 people, she evoked the names of three Irish revolutionaries—Wolfe Tome, Roger Casemont and James Connolly—as examples of Irishmen who fought for the freedom of all oppressed people, not just Catholics.

She described Casemont as a man "who did more than any man in history to help the people of the Congo in their struggle against Belgian imperialism."

While she urged the approximately 35 million Irish Americans to forget all their old differences to support the struggle taking place now in Northern Ireland, she pointed that the real battle was not of Catholic against Protestant but Protestants and Catholics against a corrupt government.

"Nobody in '16 died that any Irishman could make a profit from the poverty of another Irishman," she said, referring to the 1916 rebellion that led to the formation of the Irish Republic.

"That was a fight for socialism," she said, "and if anybody doesn't like the name of socialism, go read the works of James Connolly. He called it socialism, but you can call it whatever you like. I call it justice, I call it Christian equality, I call it socialism."

Connolly, a Marxist trade union leader and commander of the Easter Rebellion in 1916, was shot by the British.

To illustrate her warning that she was not looking for the support of Irish bigots, she told the story of an Irishman in Philadelphia who had contributed $100 for the relief of the people whose homes had been destroyed in the fighting. The man asked for his money back when his call to the local office of the North American Committee for Irish Justice was answered by a Puerto Rican woman.

"He can have it back," Bernadette said, "he can have the price of his stamp back and the price of his telephone call, and he can damn well have this money back. The only thing I ask from him is his sacred right to call himself an Irishman."

It was one of the numerous moments in her 15-minute speech where the crowd shouted and cheered. She was followed by Frank Hogarty, head of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, who urged a boycott of British goods in this country.

Bernadette left the U.S. the following day. She had been expected to stay for another week and a number of her scheduled speaking engagements were cancelled.

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Chairman Bobby Kidnapped

Special to the Argus

SAN FRANCISCO–Bobby Seale is in jail here, awaiting extradition to Connecticut where he may eventually be executed in an electric chair.

Seale will be facing a murder charge on the alleged purge of Alex Backley from the Black Panther Party in New Haven.

"If he should be electrocuted, it will destroy the movement," predicts a gloomy William Kunstler, one of Seale's attorneys.

Seale, BPP national chairman, is not as pessimistic: "I think that attacking us is the biggest mistake the power structure can make. It is good for our revolutionary principles to be attacked. It's good that they try to paint us as without any virtues, because when we feed 15,000 kids across the country, the people see through their propaganda."

Seale's incarceration is the latest in a series of police moves against the Panthers.

Heavily armed police have attacked Panther offices in Chicago and Oakland and have forged plans for more armed seizures (see related story).

In addition to Huey Newton (minister of defense serving 2-15 for manslaughter) and Eldridge Cleaver (minister of information in African exile), 14 Panthers have been jailed with Seale, and 21 more are being held in New York on $100,000 bail each for a "plot" to blow up everything from police stations to Macey's Dept. Store.

Even if Seale is eventually cleared of the New Haven charges, he will definitely be lost to the BPP for several months and possibly one or two years.

David Hilliard, BPP chief of staff, is now serving as Panther spokesman. Even though he too is out on $20,000 bail on charges of attempted murder and assault from a police shootout, Hilliard is assuring party members: "Our party and our program are being taken over by the people. There is nothing the system can do to stop our movement."

Besides the murder rap, Seale will also be up against kidnap and conspiracy charges, as well as the Chicago Conspiracy trial next week.

Rackley, a party member, was murdered in New Haven May 21. Police claim Seale ordered Rackley's death, alleging the victim was a turncoat who cooperated with police.

The FBI say Rackley was tried by a "kangaroo court," found guilty, tortured on May 16 and then murdered on May 21.

Panthers not only deny involvement in the death but maintain Rackley may not have been a police informer.

"I never knew Alex Rackley," Seale refutes. "I never saw him in Connecticut. I don't know him, period."

Seale was first arrested on the charge of "flight to avoid prosecution." He couldn't have been avoiding anything since the warrant which was first served on him was issued 10 minutes before he was presented with it. Seale was seized by the FBI as he was driving back from David Hilliard's wedding. They surrounded the car, snatched him out, and took him to court where he posted a $25,000 bail.

Immediately after posting the bond, he was rearrested on the murder, kidnap and conspiracy charges.

Seale's arrest was the 15th and last in the FBI sweep which started with the New Haven chapter and included New York and finally Berkeley.

Seale was at Yale University in New Haven May 19 as part of a speaking tour. Defense lawyers contend it is inconceivable that Seale, then already under indictment for the conspiracy 8 and under continual surveillance by the FBI, would travel to a strange city and participate in a killing.

Seale's probation officers admit he was not in New Haven on either May 16 or 21.

The police case is based on information allegedly provided by George Sams Jr., another party member who was arrested in Toronto a month ago in connection with the Rackley case.

Seale says he expelled Sams from the BPP in April 1968 "for stabbing a brother in the leg," but let him in again "when Stokely Carmichael begged--literally begged--me to let him in." (Carmichael was recently purged as Prime Minister of the Panthers.)

"I remember at the time making the statement that George Sams' ideology wasn't together at all, that the brother didn't know where he was at," Seale recounts. "But Stokely begged me, so we let him back in."

Sources now report that Sams may have murdered Rackley as part of a plot engineered by the U.S. Justice Department. Francis McTerman, a Seale attorney, reports that "a special section of the Justice Department has been set up to harass the Panthers and this may be connected to it."

Seale concurs that Sams may have been instrumental in Rackley's murder. He recalls his experience with Sams:

"George Sams seemed to have the same black racist attitude as Stokely Carmichael. I don't remember seeing him too much, but the brothers informed me he had disappeared for a couple of months. Then he showed up in Oakland again. Then two or three weeks before I went to Connecticut, David Brothers, N.Y. Panther leader, called up from the New York office saying Sams had just cussed him out and who was George Sams anyway? We didn't know what the hell Sams was doing in New York in the first place. Sams is more than likely a black racist, provocateur agent working with the federal pigs or some other pig agency."

At both of Seale's court appearances so far, courtrooms have been packed with supporters, black and white. Picket lines of Bay Area radicals also marched outside the court.

Seale is expected to be transferred to New Haven sometime this month, though his lawyers are fighting extradition.

Despite Kunstler's dire warnings to the movement, Seale is encouraged by the number of local chapters which have continued to work despite the removal of the BPP's top leadership.

"We've had all our people go through political education classes. We look upon all our party members as leaders," Seale explains. "Our party workers know hundreds of people in the black community. During the past two months we've had an intense program of sending our people into the community to talk with black people. People say, 'Come on in and explain this or that to me.' All our party members function in this way. We serve the people and teach by example, moving the struggle from a lower to a higher level.

"The people see that the party has come up with practical solutions like breakfast for children, liberation schools, free health clinics and black community information centers."

Seale's arrest came less than a month after the United Front Against Fascism Conference which marked a white alliance with the BPP.

The alliance enlisted blacks and whites in more than 100 U.S. cities to move toward community control of police and community services to the poor.

National SDS split with the BPP over the issue of local control of police (see Argus last issue, Aug. 13-29).

Nevertheless the Panthers anticipated a grassroots move to counter pig oppression.

"We already have community control petition drives set up in four cities in the Bay Area alone," Seale points out. "That's why they trumped up charges on me, and on the other 14 Panthers.

"But it is clear Black Panther Party has 30 million black people listening to it--whether they agree with the party or not--they are listening to what the Black Panther is saying."

forewarned

BERKELEY – If the national headquarters of the Black Panther Party are assaulted, it will be part of a militarized strategy already mapped out by the Berkely police.

A careless Berkeley police officer let a transcript of the attack plan slip into the hands of the underground press.

The attack plan opens with solid-slug shotgun bursts and armor-piercing rifle blasts ripping out all front windows. Grenade launchers then fire tear gas through all openings as the heavy armament tries to shoot open the front door.

If the Panthers fail to surrender, the assault squad gets ready to move. The second story is raked with gunfire.

The attack is extremely specific, e.g.:

"...two men enter and move to left and to right center of ground floor. Fire 30 rounds each up through second story floor, and reload.

"By now all shutters would be blown off upper floor windows. The entire building should be covered with intense fire. This should have the necessary effect."

The weaponry of the attack force in this plan includes three Thompson submachine guns--used to fire the bullets up through the second story floor–and five shotguns loaded with .00 gauge shells and solid slugs, four grenade launchers, two Reising automatic rifles, two 37 milimeter gas guns and two regular rifles. All this is backed up by a riot tank and a shotgun guard at near by Herick Hospital.

Although The Argus does not have space to reprint the entire transcript, the copy received in the underground press was typed on crisp, flat, unsoiled paper with no sign of smudges or other use--suggesting that the plan is very new.

Handwritten notes on the transcript indicate the plan is still in the developing stage.

The plan is apparently a refined version of the attack used in Chicago to break open BPP quarters there.

With Bobby Seale, BBP national chairman, in jail on murder charges, the stage was apparently set to launch an all-out frontal assault on the national headquarters.

Berkeley police so far have neither confirmed nor denied existence of the attack plan.

Publication of the plan may at least countermand the immediacy of attack. But it is no guarantee the police will not sometime use the plan–or a revised model.

Police have repeatedly escaped criticism of their Panther raids by saying their assaults were made in swift righteous response to alleged gunfire. Since that excuse has worked so many times before, Berkeley police probably have no reason to believe it won't work again.

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WANTED

CONSPIRACY TO INCITE RIOT

Unreal? Well maybe you're not hip to what's been going down lately. The Law and Order apes and this senile dinosaur we call a government have flipped out. Preventive detention, the no-knock clause in the new drug laws, appointment of Burger to the Supreme Court, and the extensive use of wire-tapping by the Justice Department are all part of a wave of repression.

Over 300 Black Panthers are now in jail in a national plot to destroy their organization. White radicals are being arrested. Underground newspapers are being harrassed. G.I.s who speak out are receiving harsh sentences. The police have been unleashed. Last summer in Chicago it was clubs and tear gas; in Berkeley this spring it was shotguns and buckshot.

The hard rain is already falling and it isn't just the politicos that are getting wet. Read the list: Jimi Hendrix, MC-5, The Who, Phil Ochs, Tim Buckley, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Jim Morrison, Creedance Clearwater, The Turtles, Moby Grape, Ray Charles, The Fugs, Dave Van Ronk, Joan Baez all have been busted recently. Busted because the authorities want to destroy the cultural revolution in the same way they want to destroy the political revolution. It's true the above poster is made up, but if the government wanted to it could bust rock groups on charges of conspiracy to incite riot. Last year Congress passed an anti-riot act which made it illegal to urge people to go to an event at which a riot later occurs.

The law makes it illegal to *travel from state to state, write letters or telegrams, speak on the radio or television, Make a telephone call* with the *intention* of encouraging people to participate in a *riot*. A *riot* meaning *an act of violence occurring in an assemblage of three or more persons.* The people doing the urging never have to commit an act of violence or know the people who do. They never, in fact, have to urge a riot. William Kunstler, famed constitutional lawyer feels "rock and roll stars and promoters could be prosecuted under this law if violence occurred at a show."

The law is currently being tested in the upcoming trial of eight movement activists: Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, and Lee Weiner, all participants in the demonstrations last August in Chicago. You remember Chicago where the facade of a democratically run convention was washed down the streets with the blood of young people. The Whole World Was Watching and what it saw was what the official Walker Report later termed a "police riot." Richard Nixon wants to put an end to demonstrations. Mayor Daley wants revenge. They have decided to set an example to anyone who speaks out against the government by putting eight prominent activists in prison for ten years.

If there is a conspiracy to end the war in Vietnam, if there is a conspiracy to end racism, if there is a conspiracy to end the harrassment of the cultural revolution, then we, too, must **join the conspiracy.** The Conspiracy Eight must be supported, the law under which they are charged must be fought. If not, it won't be long before we are seeing posters like this all over the country.

I would like more info about the Conspiracy Trial.....

I would like to contribute.....dollars for legal defense.

Name:.....

Address:.....

City:.....

Organization or Group:.....

In addition to the money I will help by .....

.....

Checks should be made payable to:
THE COMMITTEE TO DEFEND THE CONSPIRACY
28 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois 60604

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FREE SINCLAIR !

The white-shirt pigs tightened their grip around political prisoner Brother John Sinclair's throat last week. First, just so he'll never be able to forget their ugly minds, they *tattooed* his prison number on his arm.

Then the final word came down that he is indeed going to be transferred to Marquette Maximum Security Prison—"for our sake and his," gloated Gus Harrison, Director of Michigan Correctional Institutions. John reports from prison that there are so many brothers inside that he is considered extremely dangerous. The pigs have even gone so far as to open all his mail and keep a regular file on it, which they quote from when his wife Magdalene tries to talk about reasonable treatment for him.

Then, in the cruellest blow of all, the Michigan State Supreme Court handed down a 6-1 ruling against his being freed on appeal bond Sept. 9. Thomas Kavanaugh was the only dissenter (see left). The case now goes to Federal Circuit Court.

On a happier note, a gala Birthday Party for John is planned at the Grande on his birthday, October 2, to which all White Panthers from all over the universe are invited to come and celebrate. Newsreel flicks, bands, light show, and 28 tokes in honor of John's residence on the planet.

Poet Allen Ginsberg will also make a week of appearances on John's behalf in the middle of October. More on this in the next issue of the Argus.

August 8, 1969

Dear Mr. [redacted]

By some fortune in our daily lives, we have provided a means of correction in certain situations. Not every action is final! As I type this letter, if I were to make a mistake I could erase and correct it. Similarly, a mistake made in the name of justice can be corrected. Specifically I am refering to the sentencing of John Sinclair to 9½–10 years in prison.

Just as the error of a typewriting machine is unquestionable so was this legal decision a hasty and emmotional mistake. The only salvation is that this mistake CAN AND MUST BE CORRECTED.

The community, not the youth, set John Sinclair up as a symbol. They chose to make him responsible for their children questioning the middle class standards, growing their hair and listening to primitive amplified music; but most of all they have shifted the blame of the community's Drug Problem (in the eyes of those that see it as a problem).

A lengthy discussion of the details of the entire situation would be impossible here. It is hard to understand why human social nature is drawn to a "guilty-innocent", "he is to blame-I am not responsible" more. They have convinced themselves that by taking the influence of one individual out of circulation among the people that a movement, born in the minds of thousands throughout the world, nurtured through music and an underground press syndicate, will die. This is senseless. In a free culture there are no presidents of kings.

Justice should be based upon teaching and rehabilitation. An insane killer may have to be isolated from society for a while but locking up a harmless poet doing only what he believes in is inhuman.

Respect forthe law is mandatory- as is respect for people, property and ideas. John Sinclair deserves a penalty as does any other person who does something considered wrong by the majority.

-2-

The point is that the penalty should parrallel the guilt. Just as an individual punishes himself for something he does that are against his morals, so must the community provide punishments suitable to the malade.

Each man must answer to himself! I write this letter to ask you for your help to do everything humanly possible to see that a terrible mistake is corrected by someone in a position to do so. Please help me.

To make a mistake is human but to realize this mista ke and ignore it is INHUMAN.

In Faith,

Gail Maldaver

STATE OF MICHIGAN
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
LANSING

WILLIAM G. MILLIKEN
GOVERNOR

August 20, 1969

Ms. Gail Maldaver
1503 Franklin Drive
Apartment 102
Inkster, Michigan

Dear Ms. Maldaver:

This is in reply to your recent letter regarding the sentencing of John Sinclair.

Our constitutional structure, with its delegation of duties and responsibilities to three distinct branches, determines that each branch must tend to its own matters, while at the same time respecting the rights and obligations of the other two to do likewise.

The matter over which you express concern has clearly been delegated to the judicial branch. The court has within its power the authority (subject to statutory restriction) to impost the sentence which it deems appropriate under the particular circumstances. This is, in essence, what a court is called upon to do, having made its findings of fact and conclusions of law.

It is now within the province of the office of the Governor to intervene in such a matter, and as in all cases, Mr. Sinclair has the right to appeal this action if he believes it to be unfair.

Sincerely,

William G. Milliken

Governor

STATE OF MICHIGAN
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
LANSING

WILLIAM G. MILLIKEN
GOVERNOR

August 22, 1969

Ms. Gail Maldaver
1503 Franklin Drive
Apartment 102
Inkster, Michigan

Dear Ms. Maldaver:

I regret that a typographical error was overlooked in our letter to you of August 20, 1969. In the last paragraph, the word "now" should have been "not".

Accordingly, the final paragraph should read:

"It is not within the province of the office of the Governor to intervene in such a matter, and as in all cases, Mr. Sinclair has the right to appeal this action if he believes it to be unfair."

Sincerely,

William G. Milliken

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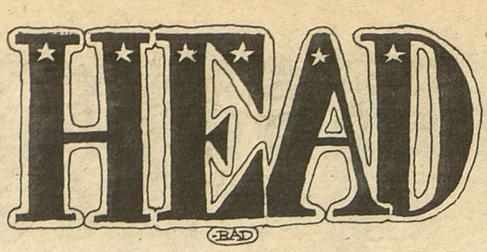

ANTI-CENSORSHIP MEASURE PROPOSED IN ENGLAND

LONDON [LNS]—A British lawmaker will try to convince the House of Commons to approve a measure which will end censorship in the arts and literature for a five-year trial period.

William Hamling, Labour Member of Parliament for Woolwich, West, says he wants to defeat his colleagues who are resistant to change, The Christian Science Monitor reported.

The proposed legislation, to be voted on in 1970 along with many other reform laws, supports the conclusions of a recent report by the Arts Council. The Council said: "It is not for the state to prohibit citizens from choosing what they may or may not enjoy in literature or art unless there were incontrovertible evidence that the result would be injurious to society."

If approved, the law would make Britain comparable to Denmark, where all legal restraints in pornography—be it in the cinema, theater, arts and literature—have been removed for adults.

YOUR PLANTS NEED PETE SEEGER

OTTAWA, Canada [LNS]—According to Dr. Pearl Weinberger, a biology researcher at the University of Ottawa who did a year-long study on the subject, corn, cucumbers, peas and oats over a 24-hour period "quite definitely grew taller, stronger, and leafier when folk songs were played to them."

SOUTH KOREAN CHILDREN DIE FROM US EXPLOSIVES

SEOUL, South Korea [LNS]—Ten children of the Kwangwon Province of South Korea have been killed or seriously wounded this summer by explosives set off by the U.S. Army during military exercises, the Korean Central News Agency reported. Among the children killed were Choi Yung Sik of Hoingsung County and 15-year-old Li Bong Ki of Wonsung County.

"CHE" WITHDRAWN FROM CHILEAN THEATERS

SANTIAGO, Chile [LNS]—A widespread campaign of sabotage has forced the withdrawal of the U.S. movie "Che" from all movie theaters in Santiago, Presna Latina reported.

The $5 million film premiered Aug. 18 at the Continental Theater in Santiago. That night Chilean radicals set a fire in the pit of the theater, forcing it to close for at least three months. Five other theaters showing this objectionable movie were the targets for fires, stink bombs and rock-throwing attacks. Movie reels were burned, and advertisements for the film were defaced in several theaters.

Presna Latina reported that businessmen suffered losses for attempting to peddle the U.S. propaganda film.

ULTRA-RIGHTISTS ATTACK YSA MEETING

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS]—A group of right-wing hoodlums attempted to break up a meeting of the Washington Young Socialist Alliance Aug. 17, shouting "Heil Hitler!" and physically assaulting the speaker, Peter Camejo, a member of the Central Committee of the Socialist Workers Party. They hit Camejo with a blackjack and sprayed a caustic chemical substance, possibly Mace, in his face. Others were also sprayed. The meeting was disrupted only temporarily however; after a short time Camejo was able to resume his talk.

The attackers quickly fled. Two cops from Georgetown University—where the incident took place—were not in evidence until the incident was over, a YSA spokesman said, though they had been assigned to protect the meeting. The YSA said the intimidation would not succeed, and the regular meeting series is scheduled to continue.

VIGILANTES HIT CHICAGO CLINIC

TIERRA AMARILLA, N.M. [LNS]—The Rio Arriba People's Clinic in Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico, was badly damaged by fire on the night of Sept. 4.

The clinic had recently been acquired by the Tierra Amarilla Agricultural Cooperative, and if a radical doctor can be found to operate it, the medical post will represent an important step forward in building a solid political base for the Chicano movement in northern New Mexico.

It was reported that the fire was set by three men—presumably right-wing vigilantes—who doused the building with diesel oil. The adobe walls didn't burn, but some of the rooms were charred and a large amount of medicine which had been collected and stored there was destroyed.

Help is urgently needed to replace the medicine and repair the clinic. Contributions can be sent to: Rio Arriba People's Clinic, Box 104, Tierra Amarilla, N.M. 17575.

IF AMERICA SHOULD GO COMMUNIST

By Leon Trotsky [1935]
LIBERATION News Service

Should America go Communist as a result of the difficulties and problems which your capitalist social order is unable to solve, it will discover that Communism, far from being an intolerable bureaucratic tyranny and individual regimentation, will be the means of greater individual liberty and shared abundance.

At present most Americans regard Communism solely in the light of the experience of the Soviet Union. They fear lest Sovietism in America would produce the same material results as it has brought for the culturally backward peoples of the Soviet Union. . .

Actually American Soviets will be as different from the Russian Soviets as the United States of President Roosevelt differs from the Russian Empire Tsar Nicholas II. Yet, Communism can come in America only through revolution, just as independence and democracy came in America. The American temperament is energetic and violent, and it will insist on breaking a good many dishes and upsetting a good many apple carts before Communism is firmly established. Americans are enthusiasts and sportsmen before they are specialists and statesmen, and it would be contrary to the American tradition to make a major change without choosing sides and cracking heads. . .

GOVERNMENT PREDICTS CALM ON CAMPUSES THIS YEAR

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS]—The campuses will be calm this fall. This is the prognosis of high officials in the Nixon Administration, reported recently in the New York Times. Whence this optimism? The information came from about 100 college presidents and university chancellors who have been in and out of Washington all summer.

The high-ranking educators, fingers on the pulse of student opinion as usual, also reported to the Feds that there had been "a considerable reaction against campus protestors by moderate students whose education had been disrupted."

BEWARE OF YANKS BEARING GIFTS

With the global spread of the tube, the U.S. Information Agency is shifting the emphasis of its overseas brainwashing operation from movies to TV. A prime market for such material, a spokesman said, is South Vietnam. "After all," he remarked, "we gave them the TV station. I suppose we can expect a fair amount of access to its air time." [LNS]

TOBACCO COMPANIES DEFEND THE HONOR OF THE NAME

NEW YORK [LNS]—Once upon a time you used to hear a fable going around that cigarette companies were going to drop TV advertising completely. In its place, they would advertise a broad new range of products—things like "Winston" bras, "L & M" deodorant, "Chesterfield" lawnmowers—anything just so long as it keeps the cigarette brand name in the public eye and ear.

Now the cigarette companies really are planning to drop TV advertising. But does that mean that the companies are going to stop pushing cigarettes on television? Hell no! According to Business Week magazine, the "fable" is true or at least as much as the imagination of the tobacco magnates would allow.

American Brands, Inc., formerly the American Tobacco Company, is planning to begin an advertising campaign for a new line of pipe tobaccos—OK to advertise on TV—with, you guessed it, the same brand names as the company's cigarettes.

The Communist movement in the United States is an organization numbering thousands of adherents, rigidly and ruthlessly disciplined. Awaiting and seeking to advance a moment when the United States may be so far extended by foreign engagements, so far divided in counsel, or so far in industrial or financial straits, that overthrow of the Government of the United States by force and violence may seem possible of achievement, it seeks converts far and wide by an extensive system of schooling and indoctrination.

—McCarran Internal Security Act
September 23, 1950

SOUTH KOREAN PRESS CENSORED

SEOUL, South Korea [LNS]—Eleven publications were closed down by force recently in South Korea, according to a report by the Central Korea News Agency. The action, taken by the Chung Hee Park regime, was directed against papers pressing for "the democratization of social and political life including freedom of speech and press."

Koreans are currently waging a campaign against the continuation of Park—hardly a People's Park—as president. Park's second term is coming to a close, and he is seeking a constitutional amendment to allow himself to stay in office longer.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE FROM THIS HONORABLE COURT

FRANKFORT, Ky. [LNS]—Each day, when the Court of Appeals opens its session here, a clerk is supposed to announce: ". . .God save the commonwealth and this honorable court."

One day recently, the clerk repeated the phrase a bit differently, at least that's what Chief Justice Morris Montgomery told an Associated Press reporter. The clerk supposedly said: "God save the people from this honorable court."

Amen!

COFFEE HOUSES WANT BOOKS

KILLEEN, Tex. [LNS]—The Oleo Strut, a coffee house which brings GIs together to rap about radical politics, has issued an appeal for books, posters, subscriptions to periodicals, and other material for the coffeehouse and its bookstore/library. The staff of the bookstore is seeking donations of books "on racism, imperialism and the history of the people of this country, things the rulers of America don't want GIs to read about. . ." Also needed is a cash register and an adding machine. Cash contributions [tax deductible] may be sent to the national coffeehouse support group, United States Servicemen's Fund, 430 W. 250 St., New York, N. Y. Literature and other material should be sent directly to the Oleo Strut, 101 Ave. D, Killeen, Tex. 76541.

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LINES

JERRY RUBIN AND STEW ALBERT JAILED IN CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY, Calif. [LNS]—Jerry Rubin and Stew Albert, long-time movement activists and Yippies, are serving time in the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center.

Both were convicted by a Berkeley judge for their part in a sit-in in the fall of 1966. At that time, the University of California was engaged in an hysterical campaign to keep the campus free of "non-students." When a Navy recruiter came to the student union, Berkeley radicals pointed out that the Navy man was a non-student too, and several hundred students participated in a spontaneous sit-in.

The cops came with blank warrants and served them on six non-students who were present: Mario Savio, Steve Hamilton, Mike Smith, Bill Miller, and Jerry and Stew.

The other four defendants either got off without having to go to jail or have already served time.

Marvin Belli, attorney for Jerry and Stew, kept the case in the appeals courts for three years, but in the end the hot-shot lawyer's defense didn't work. Stew arrived at Santa Rita in early August to serve 65 days; Jerry went in Sept. 8 for a stay of 45 days. Jailers have already administered regulation haircuts to the two Yippies.

PEOPLE HELP PAY ELDRIDGE'S RANSOM

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—In the months since Eldridge Cleaver left the shores of Babylon [his favorite name for the United States], hundreds of Americans have helped pay his ransom.

About $26,000 of his $50,000 forfeited bail came through contributions. The rest was paid by several prominent citizens who signed Cleaver's bond in the first place.

Letters and donations are still arriving [and still welcome] at the office of Cleaver's lawyer, Charles Garry [341 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.], the San Francisco Chronicle reported recently.

Most are small contributions of $1 to $10, and they come from all over. Many are in Canadian currency—from other Americans who have been forced to leave Babylon.

One former Washington State National Guardsman sent in ten Canadian dollars and a poem:

. . .so man, I write this from Canada's
Golden Shore
Hope you don't see those cops
no more.

Arthur Ashe, the tennis champion, was one of several celebrities to contribute. He sent a note:

". . .Being black, we must keep pushing, though frequently along different roads. Yours is the struggle. . ."

RADICAL HOMOSEXUAL GROUP STARTS NEWSLETTER

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—A radical homosexual newsletter is being published by the Committee for Homosexual Freedom on the West Coast. The aim of the newsletter is to help "radical gay heads" to fight capitalism, which they see as the root cause of the oppression of homosexuals in America.

For copies of the newsletter or further information, write: Committee for Homosexual Freedom, P.O. Box 26496, San Francisco, California 94126.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR HOME

WASHINGTON [LNS]—You can buy a "security package" home in Potomac, Md. for $200,000 complete with armed guards, identity checks, electronic eyes, and chauffeur service from home to guardhouses where the kids can pick up their school bus.

The whole thing was planned for uptight Washingtonians by the Stanford Research Institute's long-range planning service, according to the Wall Street Journal of June 19.

The Stanford Research Institute, which has been under attack by militant Californians for its close ties to the American military and corporate interests, has not announced any plans for protecting the poor from the uptight Washingtonians, but we guess that SRI is proud of the jobs the "security package" will create for unemployed armed guards.

PEACE WILL NOT BRING PROGRESS: IT'S OFFICIAL NOW!

SAN CLEMENTE, Calif. [LNS]—It's foolish to think that ending the Vietnam war will free large sums of money for new programs to end poverty, ignorance and disease in America.

That's what the radicals have been saying for years. Now it's official U.S. Government policy.

A study sponsored by the Nixon administration said it was an "illusion" to think that new programs would be initiated, the New York Times reported recently.

Guess who gets the money if the war ends? That's right—it's the Pentagon!—though a few crumbs are promised to other existing federal agencies.

US SPY PLANE ZAPPED OVER NORTH VIETNAM

HANOI [LNS]—A U.S. spy plane was shot down Aug. 14 in Ha Tay province in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Presna Latina reported. The plane was number 3316—that is, 3,316 U.S. planes have been shot down over North Vietnamese territory since the beginning of the war.

PERUVIAN PACIFIST COMMITS SUICIDE IN WAR PROTEST

LIMA, Peru [LNS]—A Peruvian pacifist hung himself Aug. 10 in protest against the U.S. aggression in Vietnam. According to the report by Presna Latina, Jose Zavala Pino left two letters explaining his action. Neighbors confirmed that he had been tormented by the war for some time.

GIs IN VIETNAM PROTEST THE WAR

HANOI [LNS]—Twenty-five GIs stationed at the port city of Vinh Lam staged a demonstration against the Vietnam war recently, according to a dispatch from Vietnam's Liberation Press Agency. The Vietnamese agency also said that GIs mutinied and killed two officers in the town of Thach Tru, in Quang Ngai province. South Vietnamese police reportedly indicated that the two officers were shot in an explicitly anti-war protest.

GRAPES GO TO VIETNAM

DELANO, Calif. [LNS]—During the four years of the grape boycott, the United States Government has bought 400 per cent more California table grapes than it did in the previous five years. Two million pounds have been shipped to captive consumers—GIs in Vietnam.

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE NOT A PEOPLES HOUSE

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. [LNS]—A six foot chain link fence is being erected around the grounds of the Indiana governor's mansion. Anti-poverty demonstrators chose the governor's house as a target, pushing through hedges and later confronting riot police. But R.L. Hill, chief of property management for the state, told the Associated Press that the new fence has nothing to do with the demonstrations.

AHMED EVANS FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE

EAST CLEVELAND, Ohio [LNS]—A committee has been formed to fight for justice in the case of Ahmed Fred Evans, who was convicted of murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Evans and four other defendants are charged in the Glenville, Ohio shoot-out of July, 1968, in which three policemen and one civilian were killed. The defense committee charge that what really occurred in Glenville was a "drunken police orgy."

Funds are desperately needed. Send checks or inquiries to July 23rd Defense Committee, P.O. Box 2404, East Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

UNDERGROUND PRESS? ADD FOUR

SAO PAULO, Brazil [LNS]—Five armed men attacked a printing supply house recently and carted off four printing presses worth a total of $10,000, Presna Latina reported. Police, noting that the tactics used were similar to the recent wave of bank robberies, said that the assailants were probably members of a "subversive organization."

STRANGELOVE BUT TRUE

Supporting a House action to ban demonstration at the Pentagon, Rep. Alexander Pirnie [R-N.Y.] declared Pentagon officials "should be permitted to perform their tasks in an atmosphere free of violence." [LNS]

LONG ISLAND TOWN BOARD PROPOSES PISS TEST FOR HIGH SCHOOL DRUG-USERS

SMITHTOWN, LI, N.Y. [LNS]—The Smithtown town board has endorsed a plan to give blood and urine tests to junior and senior high school students to determine if they are drug users. The four local school boards, who have the legal authority to implement the plan, have not yet taken a position on this latest invasion of privacy.

McCARTHY IN VENEZUELA: SILENT

CARACAS, Venezuela [LNS]—Sen. Eugene McCarthy was in Venezuela for a "strictly private" visit recently.

The senator, known for his crusading moral spirit, ate, slept and went sight-seeing, according to an Associated Press report.

Venezuela produces 3.3 million barrels of oil a day—most of it "owned" by American businessmen. Most Venezuelans are poor. American businessmen are rich.

LADY BOUNTIFUL

Mrs. Jackie Onassis, who flew her New York Butcher to Greece to assure that the wedding meat was cut right, donated $200 to support the striking Charleston, N.C. hospital workers.

RAFFERTY BANS RADICAL BLACK WORKS

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—Max Rafferty, superintendent of public instruction in California, has barred Eldridge Cleaver's essays, Soul On Ice, and a play by LeRoi Jones, "The Dutchman," from the San Francisco schools. The books were scratched from the outside reading list of a special "black authors" elective course for high school seniors.

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VIETCOP

SAIGON (LNS)–The hard-pressed Saigon regime has a new Prime Minister: Tran Thien Khiem, succinctly described by Liberation Radio as "a cruel and bloodthirsty general of the puppet army." President Thieu picked Khiem for the job after sacking the innocuous Tran Van Huong.

The appointment of General Khiem makes the puppet government a thoroughly military regime. Huong, as Prime Minister, had been the only highly placed civilian.

But the elevation of Khiem to Saigon's third highest post signals no change in the administration's die-hard policies.

Tran Thien Khiem is an old-timer. He has been a loyal servant of foreign colonialists and a repressor of his own people for as long as anyone can remember.

In the mid-1940's, when his people were launching their war of liberation, Khiem was a cadet at the French-run Dalat Military Academy. As a captain, he served the French well, and when Vietnam was partitioned in 1954, Khiem rose to the rank of major. For the next nine years Khiem dedicated himself to serving the dictator Diem in his onslaught on the Vietnamese people. In 1962, Diem made Khiem a general.

After Diem fell, Khiem became Chief-of-Staff of the puppet army. Starting in 1964 Khiem tried his hand at diplomacy. He was ambassador first to the United States and then to Taiwan.

With the rise to power of Thieu, Khiem's star brightened. Thieu recognized him as a shrewd and ruthless man, faithful to his superiors. In May 1968, Khiem was appointed Deputy Prime Minister, in charge of pacification, and concurrently, Minister of the Interior, in charge of all police forces, both overt and secret. He has also enjoyed the unofficial position of favored advisor to President Thieu.

In those posts, Khiem has wielded great power. In cooperation with the CIA he has managed Operation Phoenix, a mopping-up program that has assassinated thousands of suspected patriots and imprisoned tens of thousands more. As Saigon's top cop, General Khiem has earned the reputation of a Vietnamese Goebbels.

The U.S. Embassy here is undisguisedly pleased with Khiem. Meanwhile, Liberation Radio has stated the obvious: that the cabinet change is just an American attempt "to patch up the puppet administration of Saigon so that it may continue to serve as an instrument of aggression and neo-colonialist domination in South Vietnam."

The National Liberation Front (NLF) has also predicted over its radio station that "the appointment of Khiem will do nothing but reinforce the popular elements" to overthrow the puppet government.

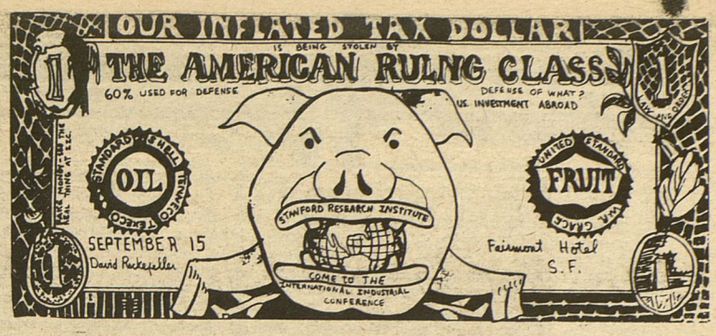
****

Since Liberation News Service received the above report from its Saigon correspondent, General Khiem has chosen his cabinet. All key posts are held by military men, four of them generals. Some of the lesser posts include career civil servants and technicians, all promoted from lesser positions in President Thieu's previous cabinet.

Notably absent from the new cabinet was any representation of the non-communist opposition to the present regime, or leaders of any of the South's major religious groups, such as the Buddhists.

Even the mass media has given up on selling this latest move to "consolidate" the Saigon puppet regime. Says the New York Times: "The consensus among Vietnamese and Western observers tonight was that instead of broadening the political representation in the Government, Mr. Thieu had, if anything, reduced its popular appeal by introducing several military men and technicians."

Administration sources, meanwhile, expressed "confidence in the new Khiem cabinet."



SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)–The richest and most powerful criminals in the world are going to meet here on September 15th. No, folks, not the Mafia, but approximately 500 of the biggest business leaders from over 60 countries.

The occasion is the quadrennial International Industrial Conference, convened by the Stanford Research Institute and such all-time favorites as Davy Rockefeller and Jolly Roger Blough, head of U.S. Steel. The purpose of the meeting is to map out business strategy in the Third World and the U.S. for the next four years.

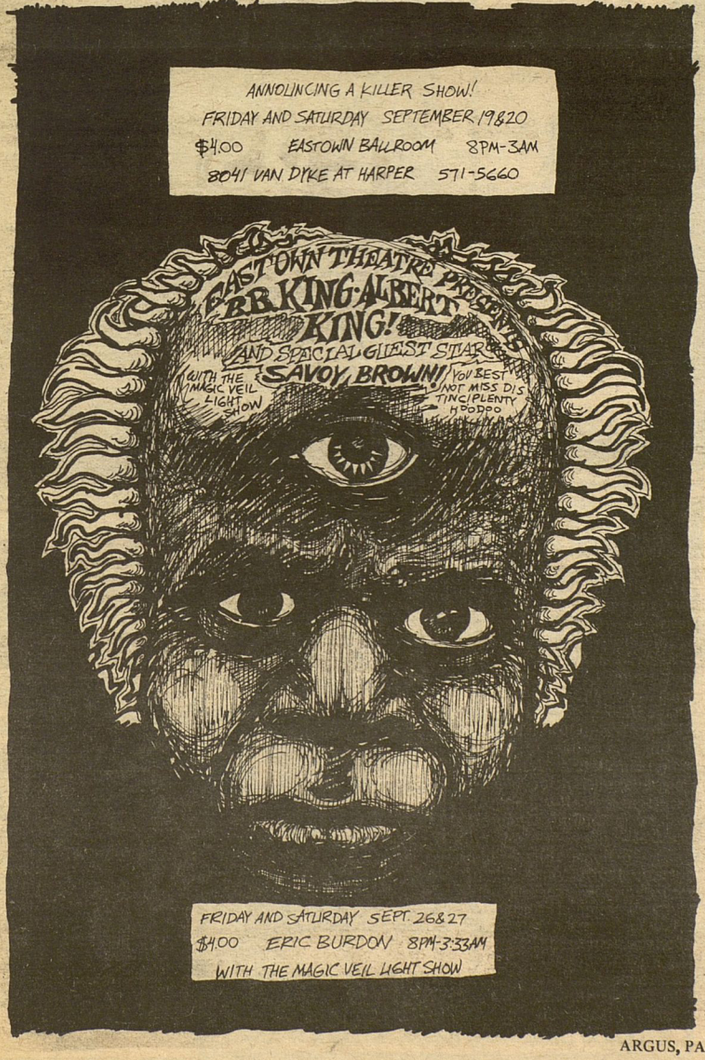
The names on the guest list are the same names you will find on the boards of directors of the world's largest corporations: Chase Manhattan Bank, U.S. Steel, Royal Dutch Petroleum, Bank of America, Standard Oil, and many, many more. Some of the conference topics will be "alternatives to free collective bargaining" (union busting), "safeguarding investments abroad" (sending in the marines), and "improving the public image of private enterprise" (whitewash).

While the Vietnam war continues endlessly, taxes rise, and police kill black people at will, these men who control the wealth and resources of half the world meet on Nob Hill to figure out how to increase their profits. Instead of cleaning dirty cities, building decent housing, and assuring people jobs, they pour money back into their companies and wasteful defense programs like ABM. To protect their investments in other people's lands, they send troops to Asia and Latin America and their cops to the ghettos.

In Latin America, for example, international investments mean $1.5 billion in profits yearly for U.S. industrialists. They rake in this dough by paying low wages abroad and draining scarce foreign resources while charging high prices at home. This robbery of Latin America's wealth creates poverty and misery for the people there. One third of the population is illiterate, 14 per cent of the labor force is unemployed, one out of every ten babies dies in infancy. That is what imperialism means for Latin Americans.

Businessmen claim that their investments contribute to the "development" of the Third World. In fact, U.S. investment does increase the productive capacity of Third World countries and does help raise the standard of living for some of their people. But such involvement simply widens the gap between the rich and the poor of the Third World. The money that makes its way into the hands of the upper classes provides a rich market for American luxury goods, but it also spurs inflation. The lower classes (either unemployed or paid starvation wages) lose out, as their small amounts of money become nearly worthless.

The men who are responsible for all this know they are in trouble. They are meeting in San Francisco to figure out how to make the system work better for them. Tricky Dick will be there too, to address a black tie dinner with a menu that reportedly includes Colombian coffee, sugar from the Dominican Republic, California table grapes, Chiquita bananas and South African lobster.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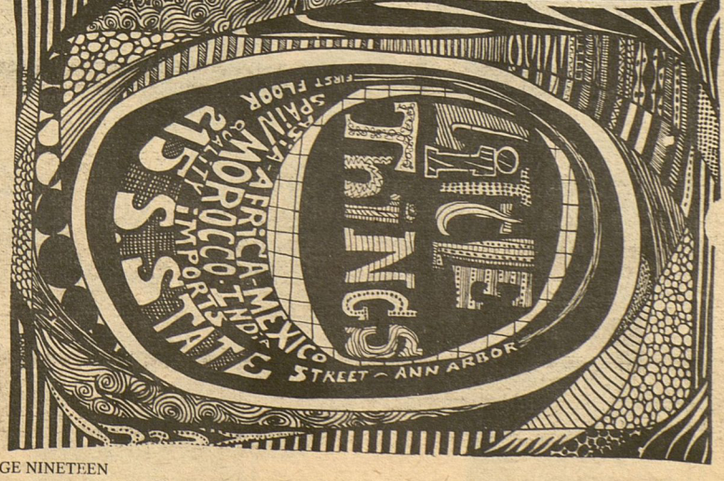

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Doctor Hippocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Gene Schoenfeld,

During the summer and fall I will be organizing a politically active, agricultural–educational commune in connection with Goddard College in Vermont.

I'm looking for a physician, preferably married and with a family, who would be interested in living communally with students and faculty. The doctor would teach and do community medicine in exchange for land, life, and love. He would also undertake college sponsored research in A.M.A.-neglected fields of herbal and oriental medicine.

Do you know any such person? Where might be a good place to advertise?

Have any interested parties get in touch with me at the above address and thanks for any help.

Best,
Marc Estrin
Institute for Policy Studies
1520 New Hampshire Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 234-9382

QUESTION: Is there any danger of a girl getting pregnant during her period while she's on the Pill?

My girl friend started taking birth control pills but there are only 20 pills in each pack leaving 8 days per month (including her period) "unprotected". Since you wrote that it is possible (though improbable) for a girl to get pregnant during her period, does a 20 day pill supply give true 28 day protection?

Further, she tells me that the pills are rather small. Would they still be effective if one were to get caught in her mouth and dissolve there, rather than in her stomach?

P.S. Please answer in the next two weeks.

ANSWER: Birth control pills act by preventing ovulation, the release of eggs from the ovaries. Spermatozoa may find their way to the customary trysting place, the fallopian tubes, but won't find there the objects of their affection.

Hormones contained in birth control pills nurture blood vessels and tissue lining the inside of the uterus. Withdrawal of these hormones at the end of the 20 (or 21) day pill cycle causes the uterine wall lining to degenerate and slough. The result is similar to normal menstrual bleeding.

Many medications are effective when dissolved and absorbed by mucus membranes such as those lining the mouth, vagina and rectum. Birth control pills should be swallowed whole. But if they are dissolved in the mouth they'll still be effective.

Birth control pills give full protection throughout the menstrual cycle. So far as we know, the only girls to become pregnant while on the pill, are those who can't count.

QUESTION: For a while now, I have thought that if my body were more masculine, I might be more at ease with myself and with chicks.

Do you think that male hormones are a possible solution? I'd like to talk to someone about this but I'm a student and don't have much money.

ANSWER: What do you mean by a masculine body? Most girls are turned off by musclebound men. Perhaps you mean a body covered with hair? Some women dig hairy men and others don't.

Find a copy of the famed John Lennon-Yoko Ono photograph. There stands John wearing nothing but a necklace! His chest seems free of hair and there's no evidence of recent weight-lifting exercises.

After a physical examination, you ought to consult a counselor as you've suggested. If your school doesn't have such a service, contact the nearest free clinic or Department of Mental Hygiene of your county health department.

The only noticeable effect hormones have in a normal man is to shrink his testicles. This phenomenon has been observed in some weightlifters and football players who take anabolic hormones in an attempt to gain muscle weight.

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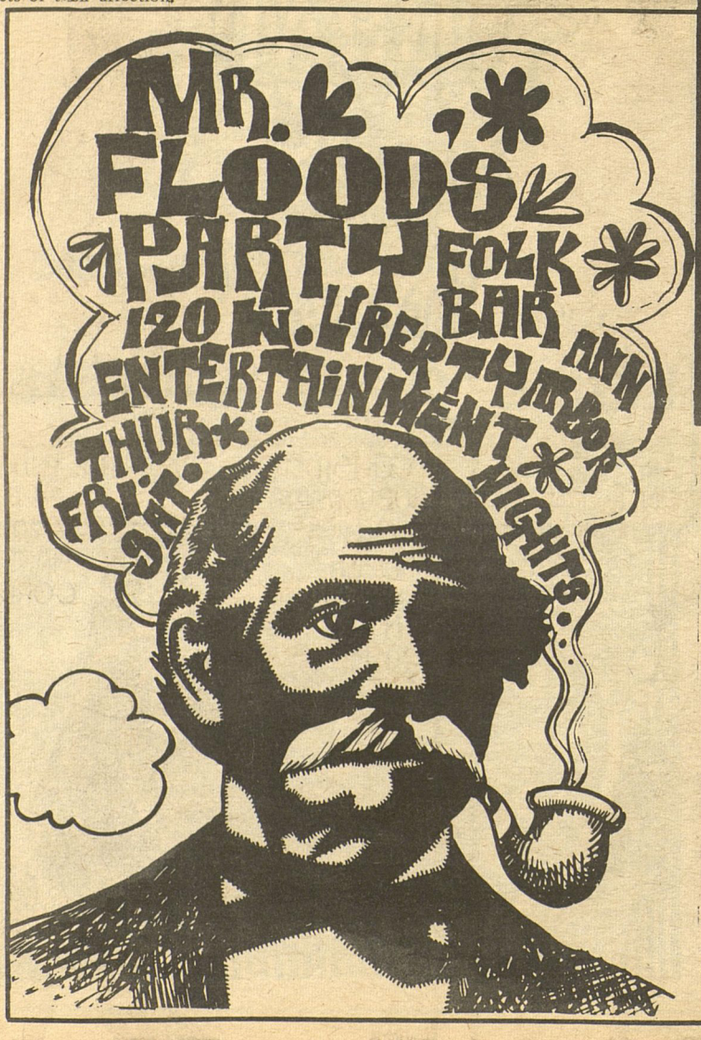
Ann Arbor Argus, 725 North University Av. 7

Patriots, Bear a Hand!



ONCE A SMALL FURRY ANIMAL WAS TAKEN FROM HIS MOTHER BY A MIGHTY HUNTER.

HE WAS SKINNED AND MADE INTO AN EXQUISITE FUR COAT FUR COAT FUR COAT FUR COAT FUR COAT FUR COAT

A DIAMOND DOWAGER FROM BEACON, HURRAY OR NOB HILL BOUGHT HIM AT AN EXORBITANT PRICE AND WORE HIM TO TEA 4 TIMES TILL HE WAS NEARLY WORN OUT.

HE WAS DISCARDED AT THE JUNIOR LEAGUE RUMMAGE SALE AND FORGOTTEN.

GRIZZLY FURS

SELECTED HIM WITH TENDERNESS FOR HIS WARMTH BUTTONS UNFIT & SOFTNESS; PRICED HIM MODESTLY AND LAID HIM WITH GENTLE CONCERN BESIDE HIS FRIENDS.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE HIM FROM HIS CROWDED HOME TO YOUR ALTOGETHER UNBELIEVABLY WONDERFUL PLACE NO MATTER WHERE AND HUG HIM HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

DO THE HUMANE.... THE REALLY HUMANE THING A FUR COAT FROM GRIZZLY FURS GRIZZLY FURS
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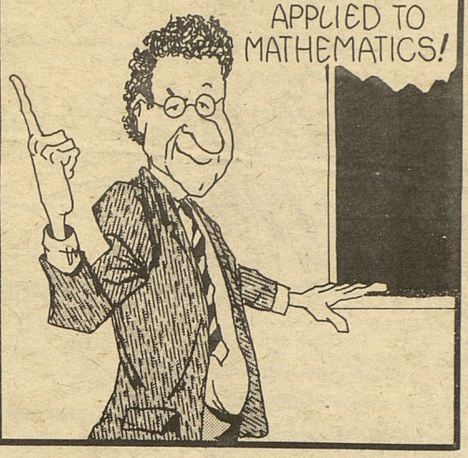
BACK TO SCHOOL AGIN

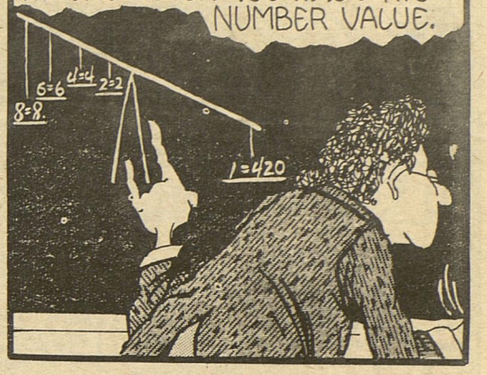
HERE'S ONE TO COLOR

I WENT INTO TEACHING AS A SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY.

I HOPED TO ENLIGHTEN YOUNG MINDS NOT YET **CRYSTALIZED** IN BOURGEOIS CONCEPTS. MY PLAN WAS **INGENIOUS** - A **SUBTLE** USE OF MARXIAN CONCEPTS APPLIED TO MATHEMATICS!

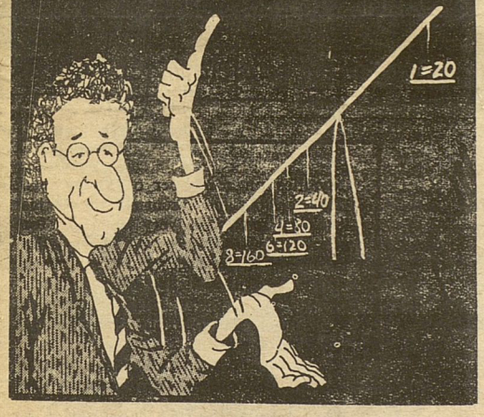


FOR EXAMPLE, THE INEQUITIES OF A CAPITALIST SYSTEM IN THE BALANCE, WE SET IN THIS DIAGRAM. IT ILLUSTRATES THAT **WORKERS** ON ONE SIDE RECEIVE A RATIO **ONLY EQUAL** TO THEIR NUMBER VALUE, WHILE THE ONE **INDUSTRIALIST** RECEIVES **OVER 400 TIMES** HIS NUMBER VALUE.



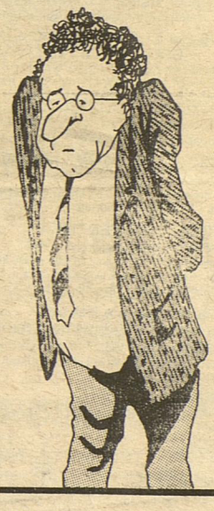
NOW, TO CORRECT THIS, WE WORK OUT THE **FORMULA** HERE, AND ARRIVE AT **TRUE** EQUAL DISTRIBUTION IN THIS SOLVED DIAGRAM.

$(X+2X+4X+6X+8X=420)$
$21X=420 \quad X=20$



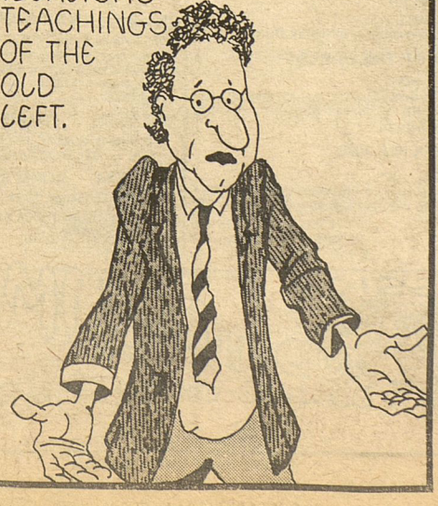
I SAW IN MY SYSTEM THE POTENTIAL OF INDOCTRINATING AN **ENTIRE GENERATION** TO DIALECTICAL VALUES!

IN MY FIRST CLASS THE KIDS SAW THRU THE GUISE.



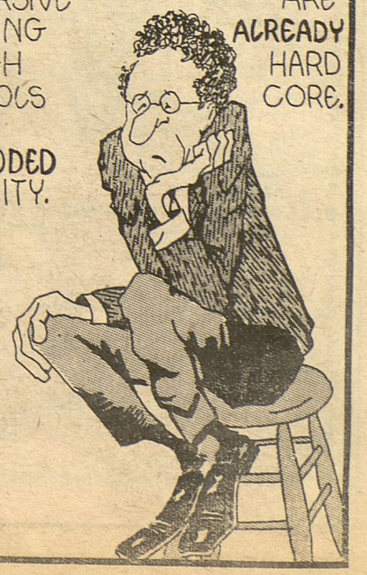
THEY WEREN'T ANGRY, JUST WHAT I WAS SAYING WAS **ANTIQUE** TO THEM. THEY FELT MY METAPHORS AVOIDED AN **HONEST CONFRONTATION**, MY SOLUTIONS BY FORMULA FLATLY **UNREALISTIC**, MY MATERIALISTIC THEORIES UNCOGNIZANT OF REVOLUTION AS A **LIFE STYLE**.

THEY INFORMED ME THAT THE REAL NEED IN EDUCATION IS FOR **AUTHENTICTY**, NOT MY IDEALISTIC TEACHINGS OF THE OLD LEFT.



I CONSIDER SUBVERSIVE TEACHING IN HIGH SCHOOLS AN **OUTMODED** ACTIVITY.

THE KIDS ARE **ALREADY** HARD CORE.



F. ADAMS

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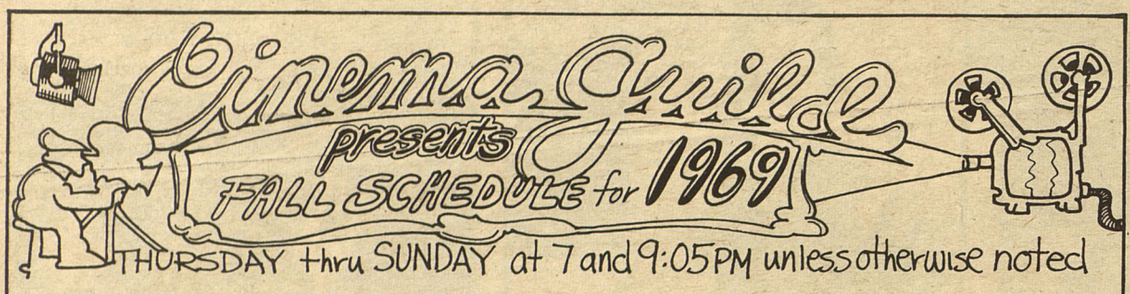
Pork Roust

[continued from page 9]

As in the Beret case, Harris yielded to 'legitimate' pressure and appointed two committees, allegedly to investigate police behavior during the riot.

The first of these innocuous groups, the Faber Committee, came up with a set of absurd recommendations about swimming pools and more places for young street people to go at night.

Presumably, Harris wants some more recommendations like those contained in the Faber Report. May we, therefore, suggest that a new community bathtub be developed for the Mayor and City Council to frolic in, and that a city zoo be opened for containment of such local curiosities as Sheriff Harvey and Chief Krasny.



sept. 4-5 JULES AND JIM
Dir. Francois Truffaut, 1961.
Well known as a serious art form and also a good movie. With Oscar Werner, and gorgeous Jeanne Moreau. In color and Cinemascope.

sept. 6-7 IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART 2
Dir. Sergei Eisenstein, 1948.
Eisenstein's last film (in black and white with special color sequences) - a mammoth epic portrait of the crazed Czar Ivan. Come as you are.

sept. 11-12 ALL THESE WOMEN
Dir. Ingmar Bergman, 1964.
Bergman's first color film, a merciless spoof on Bergman and his critics. With Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson.

sept. 13-14 FIRES ON THE PLAIN
Dir. Kon Ichikawa, 1959.
Donald Riche calls Ichikawa "the most brillant of the new stylists." His film is a power ful story of war, superbly visualized, a totally engaging film.

sept. 16 and 17 THE SECOND CINEMA GUILD DIRECTOR'S FESTIVAL
On these two nights, Cinema Guild will present a retrospective of the works of one of the major directors in American underground film, Richard Myers. Mr. Myers will be present with his work which will include the prizewinning feature-length film "Akran," which took a top prize in last year's Ann Arbor Film Festival.

sept. 18-19 QUEEN CHRISTINA
Dir. Rouben Mamoulian, 1933.
The greatest face on the silver screen - Garbo- as Queen Christina of Sweden.

sept.20-21 L'AVENTURA
Dir. Michelangelo Antonioni, 1960.
A masterpiece from one of the great authors of the cinema who Stanley Kauffman calls a "uniquely gifted artist." With Monica Vitti.

sept. 25-26 double feature
DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID
Dir. Luis Bunuel, 1964.
Bunuel's patented mixture of sex and sadism. With Jeanne Moreau.
BLOOD OF A POET
Dir. Jean Cocteau, 1930.
"It has a suggestiveness unlike any other film"... Pauline Kael.

sept.27-28 TRIUMPH OF THE WILL
Dir. Leni Riefenstahl, 1934.
A film made to order by Hitler, to glorify his Nazi Party and aid his rise to power. Sarris terms this "one of the cinema's greatest political films."

A FESTIVAL OF EXPRESSIONIST FILMS

sept. 29 SIEGFRIED'S DEATH
KIEMHELD'S REVENGE
Dir. Fritz Lang, 1924.
The two films of Lang's epic Die Niebelungen in a rare double bill. *Free Admission.*

sept. 30 at 7:00 THE STREET
Dir. Karl Grune, 1923.
"Particularly rich in significant pictures"... Kracauer.
at 9:05 NOSFERATU
Dir. F. W. Murnau, 1922.
The screen's master version of Dracula.
Free Admission at both shows.

oct. 1 double feature of Fritz Lang
7:00 DESTINY,
9:05 DR. MABUSE, THE GAMBLER
"Fritz Lang's cinema is the cinema of the nightmare."

oct. 2 VARIETY
Dir. E. A. Dupont., 1925.
Emil Jannings, the first man to win an Academy Award for acting, in his greatest role. The film which put American film-goers into a "white heat of Enthusiasm."

oct. 3 GOLEM
Dir. Paul Wegener, 1920.
A frightening parable of a man given the power to create life.

oct. 4 THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI
Dir. Robert Wiene, 1920.
The perennial masterwork of the Expressionist cinema fresh as when it was first released.

oct. 5 THE CAT AND THE CANARY
Dir. Paul Leni, 1927.
Made by expressionist director Leni in Hollywood this film became the "cornerstone of Universial Studios school of horror."

oct. 9-10 UGETSU
Dir. Kenji Mizoguchi, 1953.
"That most perfect of all film," Donald Riche. A poor potter in an age of violence who is bewitched by spirits and then by himself."

oct. 11-12 CHILDREN OF PARADISE
shown at 7:00 & 10:00
Dir. Marcel Carne, 1944.
A romantic setpiece made during the Nazi occupation of France. Long awaited in Ann Arbor, a film you can cry in without feeling ashamed. With Jean-Louis Barrault and Arletty.

oct. 15 KATCHANYUNGA
Dir. Sutyajit Ray, 1962
The Indian Ray is an old favorite of Ann Arbor film goers and this is sure to please.

oct, 16-17 JUDEX
Dir. Georges Franju, 1963.
First Ann Arbor showing. Franju has skillfully remade one of the great action serials of the silent screen. A truly magic film.

oct. 18-19 FALSTAFF
(CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT)
Dir. Orson Welles, 1967.
The director Welles termed with the actor Welles in another of Welles' take-offs from Shakespeare. The second-to-last feature by the enfant-terrible of American cinema.

oct.22-23 L'ATLANTE
Dir. Jean Vigo, 1934.
A character study which, in the view of film historian Louis Jacobs, challanges comparison with any other ever made.

oct. 24-25 LE PETIT SOLDAT
Dir. Jean-Luc Godard, 1960.
A long time coming to Ann Arbor. Godard's second major film. Not to be missed.

THREE FOR HALLOWEEN

oct. 29 FREAKS
Dir. Tom Browning, 1932.
Browning leads his audience into the world of the circus freak.

oct. 30 VAMPYR
Dir. Carl Dreyer, 1932.
The legend of the vampire as retold by Dreyer.

oct. 31 WAR OF THE WORLDS
Dir. Byron Haskin, 1953.
A deft piece of modern macabre, the burning of Los Angeles is alone worth the price of admission. Academy Award for Special Effects.

nov. 1-2 RED LINE 7000
Dir. Howard Hawks, 1965.
The red, white and blue-blooded world of American auto racing. One to tell your kids about.

nov. 6 EARTH
Dir. Alexander Dovjenko, 1930.
A lyric to the Russian earth, by one of the three masters of the Soviet cinema.

nov. 7 OLD AND NEW
Dir. Sergei Eisenstein, 1926-1929.
Originally designed as a propaganda piece for new agricultural methods, in Eisenstein's hands it becomes a film of towering visual beauty.

nov. 8-9 LA STRADA
Dir. Federico Fellini, 1954.
Truly one of the masterpieces of the cinema with the classic performance of Giulietta Masina and Anthony Quinn in his best acting performance.

FESTIVAL WEEK OF ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A solid week of mystery and artistry from our man Hitchcock.

nov. 11 THE LADY VANISHES
With Sir Michael Redgrave and Dame May Whitty.

nov. 12 SPELLBOUND
With Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck - Dream sequence by Dali.

nov. 13 NOTORIOUS
With Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains.

nov. 14 NORTH BY NORTHWEST
In color, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint and James Mason.

nov. 15 THE BIRDS
In color, with Tippy Hedren.

nov. 16 TORN CURTAIN
In color, with Paul Newman.

nov. 20-21 GASLIGHT
Dir. George Cukor, 1944.
Ingrid Bergman plays the wife, Charles Boyer the husband trying to drive her insane in this tense drama. "My personal choice," Gorman Beauchamp.

nov. 22-23 REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
Dir. Nicholas Ray, 1955.
"Reflected (and possibly caused) more cultural changes," Pauline Kael. Ray orchestrates the American scene in this semi-classic film. In color with the inestimable James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo in his first performance and James Bachus.

dec. 4 THE INFORMER
Dir. John Ford, 1935.
Ford's first great critical success which won him his first Academy Award for Direction and Oscars for actor Victor McLaglen and writer Dudley Nichols.

dec. 5 THE HORSE SOLDIERS
Dir. John Ford, 1959.
In color with John Wayne, William Holden amnd Hoot Gibson. A true story of a Union raid deep into Confederate territory in the Civil War.

dec. 6-7 SHOCK CORRIDOR
Dir. Samuel Fuller, 1963.
The tense, exciting story of a newspaper reporter searching for a clue to a murder in an asylum by posing as an inmate. Fuller's cinema is an experience not to be missed.

dec. 11-12 I'M NO ANGEL
Dir. Wesley Ruggles, 1933.
Take a break from finals with slinky old Mae West.

dec. 13-14 ROOM SERVICE
Dir. William Seiter. 1938.
The mostly mad Marx Brothers in another of their riotious escapades.

Conspire!

by MIKE GOLD

CHICAGO (LNS)—Perched behind his mighty wooden bench, a tiny old man patiently assumes a look of listening as two groups of men battle over the letter of the law.

Buried in his large chair, Judge Julius Hoffman, also known to the People as Mr. Magoo, gapes out into the courtroom. His eyes meet those of the United States Government on his left, and the eyes of the Conspiracy on his right. Magoo's small head, located in the midst of his large black robe, gives the impression that he is really a gigantic puppet, and there is a huge hand underneath the gown, directing Magoo's every action.

Last Aug. 27, that notorious subversive organization, the Conspiracy, requested that the learned judge rule upon two pressing matters that face the Sept. 24 trial: whether the trial should be delayed because of the prior commitments of the Conspiracy's two leading lawyers.

Gathering up courage, Magoo prepared to create justice.

In spite of the new evidence and findings presented to the court, the wise old judge maintained his position of postponing any ruling on the wiretap motions until after the trial is over. One gets the impression Magoo didn't bother to listen to the attorney's arguments at all.

The Conspiracy's lawyers then argued for a continuance, on the grounds that:

a) Attorney Bill Kunstler has the following cases scheduled for the time of the Conspiracy trial: the New York Panther 21 case, where the defendants are being held under an outrageously high bond which they cannot meet and are currently serving time in jail without being convicted of a crime; two H. Rap Brown cases; and the Bobby Lee Williams case, in which Williams is accused of incitement to murder.

b) Attorney Charles Garry has the following cases scheduled for the time of the Conspiracy trial: The Wells murder, an old case which already resulted in two hung juries; the Los Siete de la Raza case, where five of the seven are being held without bail for murder; and Bobby Seale's recent murder charge.

c) Defendant Bobby Seale's murder case, (see page 11).. >Seale is being held in jail without bond, pending an extradition hearing scheduled for Sept. 25, the day after Seale is supposed to be in Chicago for the start of the Conspiracy trial.

d) Attorney Charles Garry, in addition to his involvement in the above cases, recently underwent emergency gall bladder surgery, which will keep him out of action for some time.

Before ruling on the continuance (postponement) motion, Magoo asked the government for a response to the Conspiracy's motion. Saviour of America Richard Schultz, representing the government, replied that any delay in the trial "would inconvenience the government."

Magoo, without consideration, promptly denied the motion. He then read a pre-written statement of why he denied the Conspiracy's motions, indicating that whatever these motions were, or upon what grounds these motions were based, his mind was closed and his decision had been reached before he entered the courtroom.

Kunstler and Garry have tried to get continuances on all their cases as well as the Conspiracy case; all have been denied. It is customary for continuances to be granted in cases like these. It is clear that the government is conspiring to deny the eight defendants their right to their own choice of lawyer, guaranteed by the sixth amendment to the Constitution. This illustrates how badly they want to put the Eight in jail.

In the middle of Magoo's oration, five members of the Conspiracy staff entered the courtroom, dressed in their normal attire. Magoo stopped his speech and ordered the marshall to "attend" to them. The marshall singled out two of the staffers and booted them out of the courtroom. When Attorney Kunstler objected, Magoo replied that the defendants could wear whatever they wanted in court, even come naked if they want to; however, spectators must respect the dignity of the court. Defendant Abbie Hoffman, considering Magoo's allowance for naked defendants, replied, "Fuck, I have nothing to hide."

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now

CONTINUING EVENTS
APA EIGHT ANNUAL FALL FESTIVAL
Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life", Sept. 15–28.
Ghelderode's "Chronicles of Hell" Sept 30 - Oct 12
tickets $3.50 to $6 Tues, Thurs & Sunday
$4 to $6.50 Fri Sat.
Mendelssohn Theatre
eves: 8 o'clock Sun. matinee 2:30

MOVIES:
FOX VILLAGE
Dustin Hoffman in "Midnight Cowboy"
weekends: 2:15, 4:25, 6:45, & 9:15
weekdays: call 769-1300
all shows: $2.50

Vth FORUM
week beginning:
Sept. 12 – "Shame" (Ingmar Bergman)
Sept. 17 – "The Libertine"
Sept. 24 – A Fellini Festival
Oct. 1 – War & Peace (for two weeks)
all shows: $2; call 761-9700 for times

CAMPUS
week beginning:
Sept. 11 – "A Man and A Woman"
Sept. 18 – "Hotel Ozone"
Sept. 25 – "Last Summer"

CINEMA GUILD FESTIVAL OF EXPRES–
SIONIST FILMS
Sept. 29–Oct. 5 – see daily listing

EXHIBITS
ART SELECTIONS FROM THE COLLECTION
OF PROF' PAUL GRIGANT
Alumni Memorial Hall
9–5, Wed. 9–9, Sun. 2–3
Sept. 14–Oct. 12; Free

THE STEARNS COLLECTION OF MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
Hill Auditorium
open Tues. & Fri., 3–4

JOY IN RELIGION–paintings & drawing by
Roman Catholic Nuns
The Old Bergen Art Guild
North Campus Commons
Thurs. Sept. 18

CHARLES BAIRD CARILLON
Burton Tower
Open Wed. 4–5, Sat. 11–12

WALT WHITMAN 1819–1892
U-M General Library

THE EXHIBIT MUSEUM
(hours 9–5, Sun. 1:30–5:30)
Rotunda: "New Acquisitions of Choice
Minerals"

Plantarium: "Time & It's Measurement"
Lecture–Demonstrations
Sat. & Sun. 2, 3, 4 (thru October)

Physicology Gallery: The TAM (Transparent
Anatomical Mummy" on display
Sat. & Sun. afternoons

WED., SEPT. 17
"The Organizer" – Radical Film Series
(Story of a millworkers strike in Italy)
CANTERBURY HOUSE, 7 & 9:30, $.75
Hoot – THE ARK – 8:30, $.50
Everyone welcome - come & sing!
CINEMA GUILD DIRECTORS FESTIVAL
Richard Myers, underground film director
7 & 9, $.75

THURS., SEPT. 18
RAMSEY CLARK speaking at Hill Aud., 8:30
"Queen Christina" – Garbo, as Queen
Christina of Sweden; CINEMA GUILD,
7 & 9, $.75

FRI., SEPT. 19
ACTION TEACH-IN ON THE WAR:
8:00 – Hill Aud., speeches by Robben Fleming,
Rennie Davis, David Dellinger
9:15 – Workshops on Fall Anti-war activities;
Angell & Mason Hall classrooms
"Fiddlers & Pipers: Medieval Musicians in
Beverly, YOrkshire" – Stearns Collection
Lectures (first of four); Gwynn McPeek
RACKHAM, 8 o'clock, free.
LEN CHANDLER singing at Canterbury
House; 8:30, $2 - free food & coffee
CHRIS LAUSCH singing at The Ark
8:30, $1.25.
PRIME MOVERS playing at Mark' s
9:30. $1.
"The Great Escape" – CINEMA II;
7 & 9; $.75.

SAT., SEPT. 20
TEACH-IN continued:
8:00 – Trueblood Aud: Panel discussion on
"The War & American Society"
Dave Dellinger – New Mobilization Committee
John Conyers – U.S. Congressman from Michigan
Howard Zinn – author of "Vietnam: The
Logic of Withdrawal" and "Disobedience
and Democracy"
9:30 – Workshops on the War and American
Society.
ROTARY CONNECTION & THE FOUR TOPS
U-M Events Building, 8:30.
MIKE SMITH – folksinger, Alice's
Restaurant – 9 o'clock, $.50.
ARK FOLK WORKSHOP – 1 p.m., $.25
ARK AFTERHOURS – midnight til
anytime, $.25.
"L'Aventura" (dir. M. Antoniani) –
CINEMA GUILD, 7 & 9, $.75.
See Sept. 19 for:
ARK
CANTERBURY HOUSE
MARK'S
CINEMA II

SUN., SEPT. 21
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC –
Ozawa, Cond.; Andre Watts, pianist.
Hill Aud., 2:30 p.m., $2.50 to $7.
CARILLON CONCERT – Dinisio Lind.
Burton Tower; 1:15 p.m.
CANTERBURY HOUSE – see Sept. 19
CINEMA GUILD – see Sept. 20

MON., SEPT. 22
ORGAN RECITAL – Marilyn Mason
Hill Aud., 8:00, free.
"Riot in Cell Block 11" – ARK
7:30 & 9:30., $.75.
Lunch & Discussion – GUILD HOUSE,
noon–1; buffet $.25

TUES., SEPT. 23
UNIVERSITY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA–
Theo. Alcantara, cond. Hill Aud.
8 o'clock, Free.
Lunch & Discussion – GUILD HOUSE,
noon–1; buffet $.25.

WED., SEPT. 24
"Point of Order" – Highlights of the
"Army–McCarthy Hearings," 1954,
CANTERBURY HOUSE, 7 & 9 & 11, $.75.
Hoot – THE ARK, 8:30, $.50.

THURS., SEPT. 25
"Diary of a Chambermaid" and "Blood
of a Poet" – CINEMA GUILD, 7 & 9; $.75.
FRI., SEPT. 26
The Autumnal Equinox: BOB WHITE,
GRADY TUCK & PAM OSTERGEN sing at
The Ark – 8:30, $1.
GOOD NEWS – Canterbury House
8:30, $2.
"Bicycle Thief" "Night & Fog" – CINEMA
II, 7 & 9, $.75.
ALICE'S RESTAURANT – movie to be
announced; $.50.
Lunch & Discussion – GUILD HOUSE,
noon–1; buffet $.25.
CINEMA GUILD – see Sept. 25.

SAT., SEPT. 27
CONTEMPORARY DIRECTIONS (in music)
Cond. by Sydney Hadkinson & Jack Fortner;
Rackham, 8 o'clock, free.
STEVE EDMONDS, folk & country songs,
Alice's Restaurant, 9, $.50.
ARK FOLK WORKSHOP – 1 p.m., $.25.
ARK AFTERHOURS – midnight til anytime, $.25
"Triumph of Will" – a film made to order by
Hitler to florify his Nazi Party and aid his rise
to power – CINEMA GUILD, 7 & 9; $.75.
See Sept. 26 for:
ARK
CANTERBURY HOUSE
CINEMA II
MARK'S

SUN., SEPT. 28
CONTROVERSY '69 – first of the UAC
lecture series.
CANTERBURY HOUSE – see Sept. 26
CINEMA GUILD – see Sept. 27

MON., SEPT. 29
CINEMA GUILD FESTIVAL OF EXPRES-
SIONIST FILMS, Sept. 29–Oct. 5

Tonight: "Siegfried's Death" and "Keinheld's
Revenge" – Fritz Lang; 7 & 9, Free.
"Shanghai Express" – THE ARK;
7:30 & 9:30, $.75.
Lunch & Discussion – GUILD HOUSE,
noon–1; buffet $.25.

TUES., SEPT. 30
"The Street" – Karl Greene, 1923 –
CINEMA GUILD, 7 o'clock, Free.
"Nosferatu" – Murnau, 1922 –
CINEMA GUILD, 9 o'clock, Free.
Ghelderode's "Chronicles of Hell" – APA –
see "Continuing Events"
UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA –
Joseph Blatt, Cond. & piano soloist;
Tcharkowsky's Sixth Symphony,
Beethovan's Fourth Piano Concerto;
Hill Aud., 8 o'clock, Free.
Lunch & Discussions – GUILD HOUSE,
noon–1; buffet $.25.

WED., OCT. 1
PRELIMINARY HEARING (KELLEY'S
SMUT BUST) – 2 p.m., Judge Elden's
courtroom.
Fritz Lang, double feature – "Destiny"
at 7 p.m. and "Dr. Mabuse, the Gamber"
at 9 p.m. – CINEMA GUILD, $.75 each.
Hoot – THE ARK – 8¾30, $.50.
Radical Film Series – CANTERBURY HOUSE,
$.75.

THURS., OCT. 2
"Variety" directed by A. Dupont, with Emil
Jonnings – CINEMA GUILD, 7 & 9; $.75.

FRI., OCT. 3
RAY BIREL – modern country songs –
The Ark; 8¾30, $1.25.
PROOFROCK – Mark's; 9:30, $1.
CINEMA II – "Alice in Wonderland" (Disney's
"The Fatal Glass of Beer" (W. C. Fields),
"Mueliness Battlehorn" (Peter Sellers);
7 & 9, $.75.
"Golem" – story of a man given the power
to create life – CINEMA GUILD; 7 & 9. $.75.
Lunch & Discussion – GUILD HOUSE –
noon–1; $.25.
ALICE'S RESTAURANT – movie to be
announced; $.50.

SAT., OCT. 4
"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" – CINEMA
GUILD – 7 & 9; $.75.
ARK FOLK WORKSHOP – 1 p.m.; $.25.
ARK AFTERHOURS – midnight til anytime,
ALICE'S RESTAURANT – to be announced;
7:30, $.50.
See Fri., Oct. 3 for¾
THE ARK
CINEMA II
MARK'S

SUN., OCT. 5
CONTROVERSY '69 – second of the UAC
lecture series.
"The Cat and The Canary" directed by Paul
Leni; called cornerstone of Universal Studios'
school of horror – CINEMA GUILD,
7 & 9; $.75.

CANTERBURY
HOUSE
PRESENTS FOR BODY AND SOUL
LEN CHANDLER
COLUMBIA RECORDING ARTIST
SEPT. 19-21
GOOD NEWS
COLUMBIA RECORDING ARTISTS
SEPT. 26-28
DOORS OPEN
8P.M.
$2.00 FOR THE WHOLE EVENING!
FREE
BODY
FOOD
• 330 MAYNARD •

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Destitute photographer needs all kinds of equipment, preferably gratis. Contact Kip, 761-6683.

Conversation overheard at a Rebpulican Councilman's home late one night: "Jim. . .how come it wuz never that long when I saw it?"

The MC5, the UP, the Stooges, and Teagarden and Vanwinkle all use UP Rock and Roll Speaker Cabinets—so can you. We can build cabinets of any manufacturer's or custom design including the lastes Electro-Voice TB-1 and Eliminators. 761-3552 1520 Hill st. Ann Arbor.

* * * *

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Visiting Her Husband in Prison

The husband is inside the iron bars.
The wife is outside the iron bars, looking in.
So near they are, only separated by inches,
And yet so distant, like sky and depths of the sea.
What no words utter, their desperate eyes relate.
Before each word, their eyes brim over with tears.
Who could stand here and watch their meeting, unmoved?

FROM THE PRISON DIARY OF HO CHI MINH

Advice to Oneself

Without the cold and desolation of winter
There could not be the warmth and splendor of spring.
Calamity has tempered and hardened me,
And turned my mind into steel.

1890 - 1969

For Ho Chi Minh
Sept. 3rd, 1969

Ho! Ho! Ho CHI MINH!
The heroic brother is dead!
HO CHI MINH! His name itself—as Mao's—
the embodiment of a people's heroic struggle!
Fighting the roundeyed imperialists in the jungles
these 25 years!
French & American plunderers with their asses beat down
by the Vietnamese brothers!
HO CHI MINH! WHEW! the foxy genius of the jungles
boggles my mind in this cell. Dead and
at rest finally after these heavy years.
His beautiful prison poems—the poetry
of his guerrilla strategy—
the unspeakable beauty of a people's army in action
kicking the oppressor's ass. The cleanest language,
the purest form revealed
in the brilliant swift movements of his troops!
HO CHI MINH! HO CHI MINH!
long live the People's Republic of North Vietnam,
an endless monument to Ho's courage & strength!
long live the provisional Revolutionary Government
of South Vietnam, and let the Spirit of the dead Ho
lead his people on to victory!
All Power to the People! Self-Determination
for all the people of the world!
HO CHI MINH! HO CHI MINH! HO CHI MINH!

—John Sinclair
Political Prisoner

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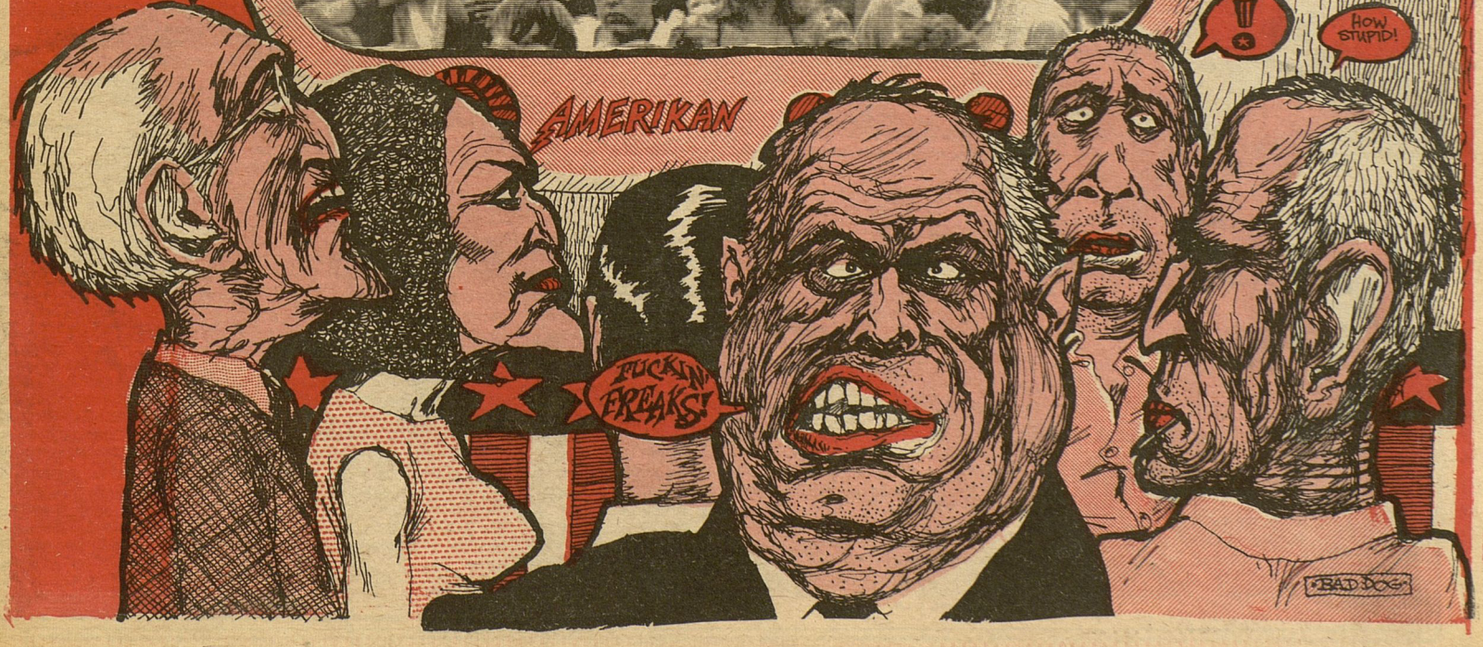
Sample
Vol. no. 12 pt 2

ANN ARBOR

AROUS

OTHER HALF

WOODSTOCK



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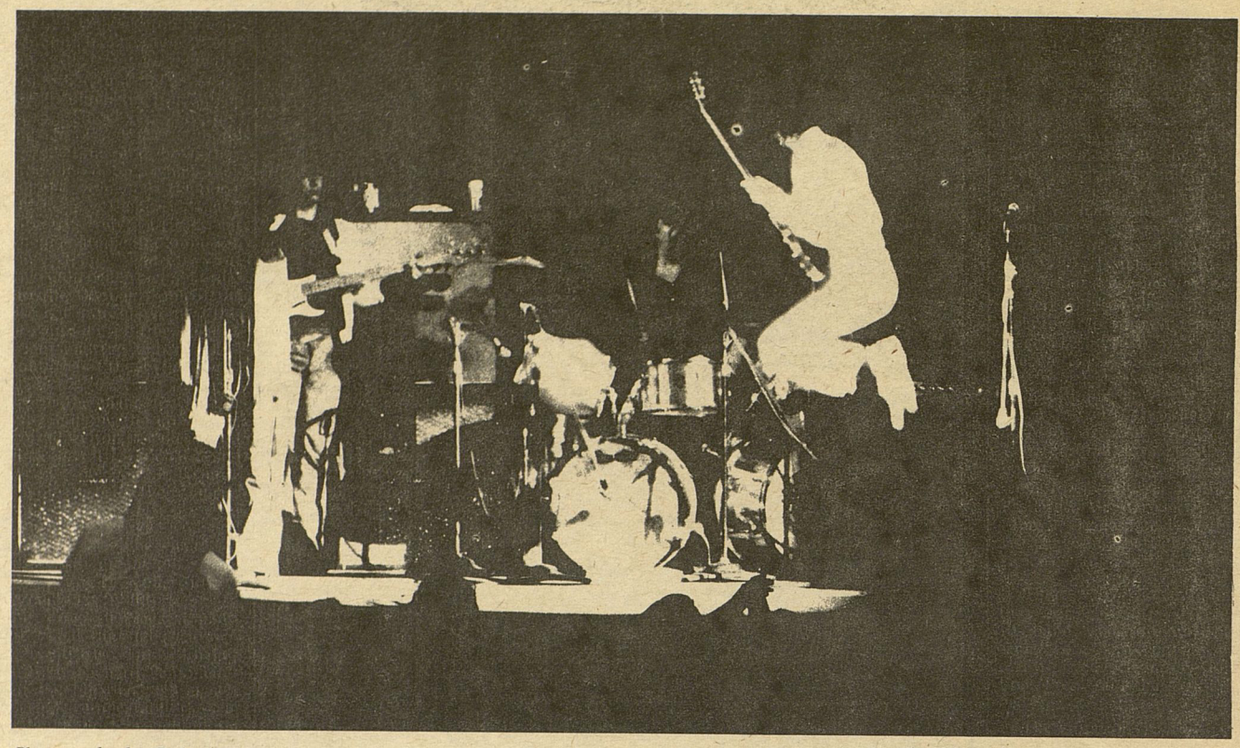


Photographs by Robert Sheffield

The WHO at dawn

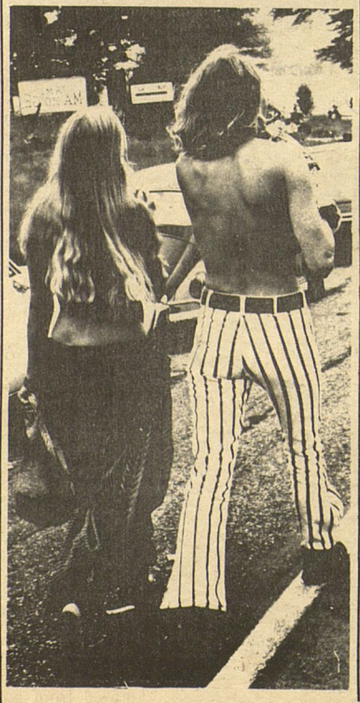
And I danced in the mud, the blood, and the beer...

'planned disaster' lns snarls

BETHEL, N.Y. (LNS) -- Here were the Israelites, nearly half a million, struggling to survive in a sea of mud, and Moses had lost the map.

All the lost tribes showed up -- the hippies and the dealers, the commune freaks and the communists, college kids and hip young workers, secretaries and draft dodgers, people who drop in and people who drop out. Did you read your newspaper? You know what happened. Everybody got together for three days of peace and music, and even though there were a few showers, they pulled it off. Drugs and nudity? No sweat--the cops were cool. Profits for the promoters? Hell, they threw $$ to the wind when the overflow crowd caught them off guard. An Aquarian Exposition--share and share alike. The greatest line of rock stars ever!

Hurryin' to get there



But don't swallow the media marshmallow--it bites. Moses wasn't Bob Dylan and he wasn't the Beatles. Not Tim Leary either, and he sure wasn't Meher Baba. Nope, Moses was four young sporty capitalists who may make some bread yet off the Woodstock Music and Mud Festival, even though they're going bankrupt now. There's always a box office smash D.A. Pennebaker film coming up.

People followed the promoters into the Woodstock wilderness because they had to go. It wasn't just the quality of the rock, though there was plenty of that-The Band, Creedence Clearwater, Sly and the Family Stone, Janis, The Who, Country Joe and the Fish, Crosby, Stills and Nash, the Airplane, Hendrix and the Grateful Dead were all under Contract.. Dylan was conspicuous because he wasn't.

But half the people there couldn't see the performers except at night. Then the bottom point of the spotlight beams and you can see something, at least, from half a mile away. And what you could hear at three times the sound quality at home on records we all can get our hands on.

"This Festival is run of, by and for young people--we are all one!"

The soft marshmallow line went down pretty well. There were no riots, no fist-fights. But it didn't really matter what Woodstock Ventures, Inc. came across with, it seemed, or whether they would succeed at cultural containment--you had to go because Woodstock was *it!*

In fact, thousands of people never even bothered to get near the alfalfa field-amphitheatre on Max Yasgur's 600-acre dairy farm where they might have heard the far-off music of the big name performers. They came just to do some living, and they didn't care where, so long as a few hundred new acquaintances were milling around them.

The promoters didn't try hard enough

(Cont. on p. 28)

well, it's two days after i split from woodstock and the mud
is still caked heavy on my boots and my pants below my knees are still shit brown.
four days of constant tripping has still left an acid reality in my head
and, yeah, goddamnit, i wish i was still the fuck up there instead of
coughing my lungs out from too much carbon monoxide here in good old
new york city.

it sounds kinda like that real old show on the tube, 'naked city',
but there were a million people together in the rock rollies of revolution
in one dinky cow pasture and every life holds a different tale of what
their reality was like.

the land was once a few hundred acres of cow pastures and woods, which for
one weekend was turned into a swarthing mass of hip humanity, and i caught
a glimpse of revolution.

i danced in the mud and the blood and the beer, baby.
we were in one cosmic entity--our unity was our power. we were the armies
of the mojo-mutated rebels, choogling down the line to zap and be zapped
by ourselves and our music. we were the social revolutionaries of hip
energy, realizing for once the dope entropic fantasies of post-revolutionary
post-scarcity society.

we arrived like refugees seeking our places in the final armageddon,
knowing that we would not be fucked with, arriving by any means necessary.
for four days, doing it in the road was our realit. boogying to canned heat
and creedence magic was in the hearts and minds and bodies of a million
warriors of the rainbow. our zonked, fumbling, dancing bodies, brought us
to enter the grounds for free. we were free, and for four days our microcosm
of revolution was free. anybody who sold food was ripped off. anybody
who sold dope was ripped off.

yeah, baby, i saw what i was fighting for. i was with my people, like the
indian gathering on the plains to celebrate an annual peyote ritual, we were
a people, gathered in the greatest manifestation of our culture? our
music, yeah, baby, my dope was free, and my food was free, and my clothes
were free, and my shelter was free, and my water was free, and my music was
free, and honey, i was free, and that's what we're
all about, and that's what we're fighting for. we saw our revolution, and
we built it, and we made it, baby, and i dug it so much that i'd kill to make
it happen forever.

monday morning coming down off six or seven tabs of acid, just finishing
making it with a chick by the swimming hole, and it was almost dawn, and
jimi hendrix was just coming on and i stood with my arm around my old lady for
an hour and foxey lady brought up a psychedellic sun to a now garbage strewn and
almost empty cow pasture. and hendrix played and played and electronic bolts
jerked off hsi guitar for hours and around ten hey joe brought in dark clouds
from the west and the clouds gathered and it rained and people left to 'hey
joe, where you goin' with that gun in your hand?' and people trucked back
to hip community and job and school, but they know and they feel, and it's
down so deep in their heads that, baby, this is where it's at, and they're
gonna fight to see it in their lives, and they're gonna make it happen.
and one day soon, hendrix will play and no one will leave. and we will be
one for the rest of time.

RAT/UPS

BY ION GRELL

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a respite, not a revolution

by W. Rexford Benoit

Woodstock. There are at least 20 versions. Two of them appear elsewhere on these pages. The cultivated cynicism of LNS, and the surreal hedonism of Jon Grell from the RAT. our New York brother.

Of course others felt compelled to speak about Woodstock.

The big newsboys like Time and Newsweek, Life and even the New yorker all put in two-bits worth. Sadly, some of the underground press was sucked into the myth put out by the giants. The East Village Other heralded the three-day weekend on Max Yasgur's farm in prose so effusive that I'm ashamed to reproduce it. The OCTOPUS called it "the emergence of a new type of society, the kind that the youth of today dreams about."

To return to the media giants... Time magazine called upon Rollo May, Amitai Etzioni, and quoted Yeats for a Woodstock essay, and concluded that "(Woodstock) may well rank as one of the significant political and sociological events of the age."

Newsweek, like Time and Life, was stunned that a million kids could get together and not tear shit out of their surroundings, something most of us have long known.

New Yorker castigated producers Michael Lang and John Roberts for the mud their reporter had to sit in, and stood up for the thousands who had purchased advanced tickets, yet were turned away before reaching the site.

New Yorker was very close to the "planned disaster" theme sounded in the LNS article reprinted here, and accused Lang and Roberts of putting on a very bad show for the $15 admission price. "They never planned to collect tickets at the gate," New Yorker coquettishly charged.

Woodstock was not a revolution, it was a rest. Let it sink in. WOODSTOCK WAS NOT A SOCIAL REVOLUTION' It was, further, a middle-class phenomenon. Very few bikers or greasers there.

Consequently, the older freeks like the Hog Farm and the numerous others who would've produced more weirdness than ever seen before in Amerika gave themselves over to helping the multitudes of teeny-and micro-boppers who had laid their peaceful coexistence with parents on the line to come, and who dropped for the first time in their ever-so-precious young lives and naturally bummed out. Completely freaked by seeing a million others of their own kind sitting on a hillside like themselves.

"Is this nirvana?"

"It must be."

"It will be when Jimi gets here."

I stood in lines waiting to use the phone and heard many kids insisting to parents that they were "all right," and would be home as soon as possible.

The pervasive good-will of Woodstock is not surprising. Woodstock was, for most, a respite from violent reality.

Freeks need picnics just like everyone else, and apparently free food and good jams.

Will the media show the same largesse when the same people of good heart they praised so highly at Woodstock get pissed off again at some of the shit they have to live with in the rest of society and kick ass?

Woodstock was a respite, not a revolution.

The HOG FARM will provide. I shall not want.

Up in the air inside the teepee

the pitfalls of calling it revolution

ed's note: Too many have looked at Woodstock through rose-colored glasses and seen the form of a sociological revolution, or even THE revolution.

Consequently, the following reminder of the nature of the forces at work in Amerika is particularly apt. Woodstock was a fine picnic, and a grand time was had by all. Yet, the principle of identification between property and violence and its relavance to the theory of "cultural" revolution, however chilling, must be remembered if our revolt is to retain any initiative and force.

The writer is an exile. His identification would threaten him with even more time in jail. He will contribute regularly to the Argus in the future.

The amoeba is credited with an almost limitless life span for a very simple reason: this one-celled animal reproduces by complete fission. Every new birth is responsible for a complete rebirth in the parent organism. The life of any given class or power structure depends upon a similar rejuvenation between successive generations.

Although a part of the parent class, newer generations may refuse to fulfill the needs of that structure, to the general perdition of the class organism when old-age begins to take its toll among the ranks. Such a process can be observed to take place within the layers of the American middle class. Distictive features are the growing cultural differences between generations and the increasing disrespect for older-gerneration authority shown by bourgeois youth.

The weakening of middle class power in the United States is to be encouraged through the widening of the generational communications barrier. The middle class should seek to preserve itself through penetrating the communications barrier. Any astute ruling structure would seek to utilize the discontent of middle-class youth to consolidate itself, and any well-engineered political movement should seek to harness the potential energy of such discontent for its own purposes.

In contending for the minds of bourgeois youth, the controversy over revolution vs. reform is emphasized. The heritage of liberal parliamentarianism has led to a distorted view of the democratic process, which fails to account for the influence of economic power in directing the nation-state. The use of violence is a central issue which tends to frighten away many who are otherwise well-aware of the need for drastic social restructuring. What is not clear is the degree of inter-relatedness between the economic structure of American society and its system of moral and political repression.

There is no question of violent vs. non-violent revolution. Violence cannot be avoided, regardless of whether or not it is initiated by revolutionaries. The power structure is founded upon violence and will initiate it whenever convenient for the purposes of self-defense. The one inalienable principle upon which American society rests is the identification between property and violence. It is this principle which must be undermined if one is to seriously consider cultural or non-violent revolution. Without violent confrontations, only a type of reform is possible. Under present political circumstances, this will be insufficient to prevent a major class-convulsion beginning within about ten years.

For those who refuse to admit a connection between property and the police, state, it is only a matter of time before their political or social influences will become non-existent. Faced with the prospect of such irrelevancy, the logical alternatives are total withdrawal from politics, or a resort to arms.

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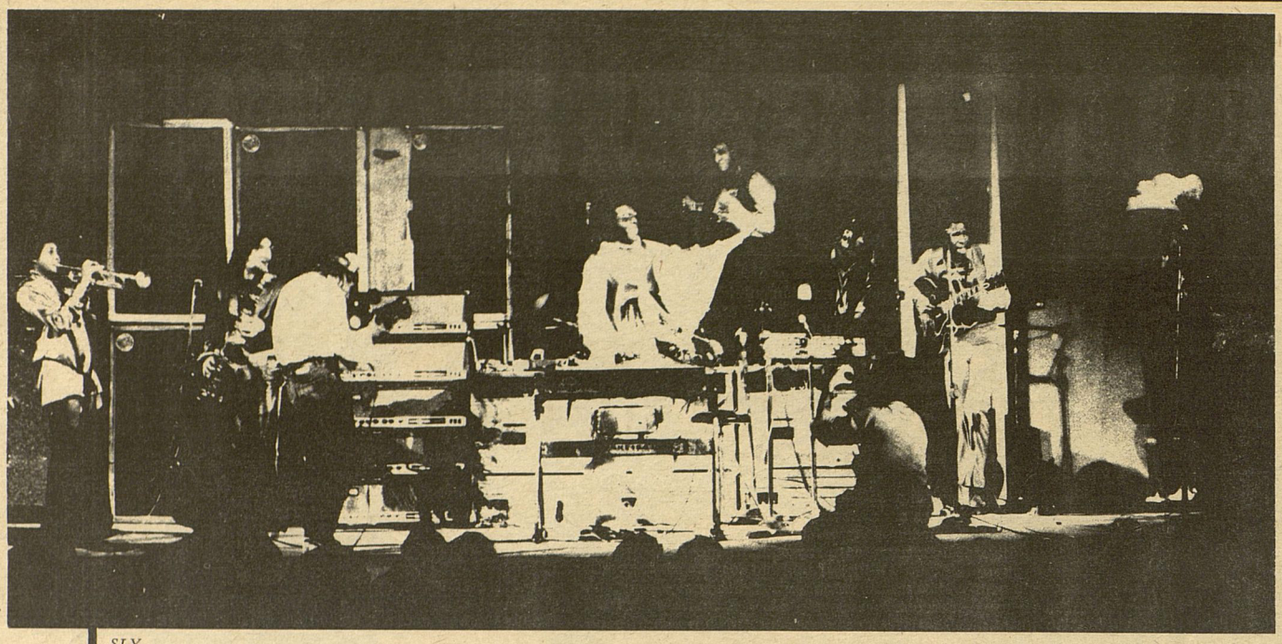

Photographs by Robert Sheffield

SLY

(Cont. from p. 26)

from the start. They planned for enough greasy-spoon food for 200,000 but the population exploded into twice that many; there were very few doctors (later they helicoptered them in, like in Vietnam) but there were 300 New York City cops; the access roads were like capillaries, there were only three water trucks and six wells (they said), and the famous amazing sound system had no remote speakers. There was only a single first aid tent, and no facilities to keep people dry if the rain should happen to fall (which it did.) Everything seemed to guarantee a bad trip.

By the time half a million people had made the scene, off and on thunderstorms began their weekend-long appearance. The half-million were trapped for good by snarled traffic (some people parked twenty miles away) in Mud City, the third largest burg in New York State.

What happened will become a legend. A tractor ran over a sleeping bag and killed its occupant. Then a water truck did the same thing. Two dead. There were 25 miscarriages, a fall from a light tower, cases of pneumonia from the cold and hepatitis and typhoid from the bad water, food poisoning, countless minor lacerations when bare feet met the rubbish for which there were no garbage cans, and several hundred bad trips, mostly on poorly manufactured acid.

Preventive medicine reached a new low as the threat of a cold-virus epidemic raised its sniffing head. The 600 portable toilets, serving almost a thousand people each, were filled to the brim by Sunday at a few installations, and since they were completely unlighted, they were all filthy by the end of the first night. Of the six wells that were supposed to have been dug, only two materialized, and the spigots they were apparently hooked up to were often out of service, and sometimes the fluid that ran out of them was unrecognizable.

Food began to run out in the main concession area about noon on Saturday, and thirsty people who could find no source of safe water turned to polluted lake water, or whatever people were passing around in bottles. The concessions were out of coffee, tea, milk orangeade, and coke, and the way many people learned of the shortages was by swimming first through ankle deep mup up to the stands--only to be turned away.

But the Worst of Woodstock was the complete indifference the promoters displayed to planning for the possible rain. Rain came, and it came hard. People had nowhere to go. They crowded into tents, the trunks of cars, makeshift lean-tos improvised from the wood, ropes, sheets and blankets at hand. But there were thousands upon thousands of people left over.

Many of them staggered around all night and did without sleep in order to keep warm. Many simply lay down in the mud and slept. Thousands who took all they had with them to the slope in front of the stage and then set up camp there for the duration of the festival, had no reason to move even when the slope became a slippery, muddy mess--since everything they had brought, blankets, sleeping bags and clothes, was completely drenched. They stayed wet for three days.

It wouldn't have cost much money for the promoters to put up a few large circus tents just in case of rain, but they didn't bother, and a little scheme to sell tents and throw-away sleeping bags fell apart when the supply ran out on the first day. They did not even bother to distribute sheets of clear plastic from which people without rain clothes might have fashioned instant ponchos. Each time the rain died down, the wet and bedraggled built fires of trash, anything half-dry they could find in the nearby woods, and even lumber liberated from the concession stands. But so many were tripping or tired that the fires warmed only those whose heads were clearly focused on survival.

It might sound strange if someone called all this "designed disaster," but that is exactly what the festival's producers produced.

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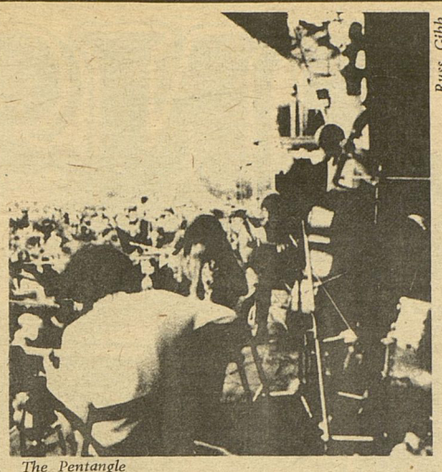

Russ Gibb

The Pentangle

THE isle of dylan

ISLE OF WIGHT, ENG.–The buildup for Dylan on the Isle of Wight was like a buildup for an appearance of God. Dylan had bombed badly here three years ago when he first began his electronic thing, and the English press made much of his second coming.

The English kids, more into the folk and country idioms, were certainly tuned for his act. Tom Paxton and Pentangle preceded Dylan and Paxton won six standing ovations from the crowd of 180,000.

Dylan seemed very nervous, perhaps remembering the bad reception in 1966, and leaned heavily on the Band. But the warmth shown him by the audience seemed to give him courage and he asserted himself increasingly throughout a long hour's set.

Dylan reportedly received 80,000 dollars for the appearance, and the Band, 10,000 pounds.

The stage was cluttered with recording equipment, but Dylan's performance may not make it to wax. Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, told Detroit rock impressario Russ Gibb that "If I have anything to say about it, this performance will not be a record." But the extent of Grossman's influence with Dylan is uncertain.

Of course there were other performers on the Isle, among them, the Who. Townshend and the rest of the band are riding a hot streak and got as unrestrained and enthusiastic a reception here as they did shortly before in Woodstock.

Finally, the festival was well organized and crowd well-behaved, and most importantly, the promoters made a bundle.

wild west fucked

LNS–San Francisco's Wild West Festival was cancelled only a week and a half before its scheduled August 22 opening. The festival, which was to have been a mind-blowing weekend of rock, opera, ethnic music, ballet, theatre, and arts and crafts exhibits, is now a non-thing of the past. But the reasons for the cancellation have remained something of a mystery. Festival promoters say the danger caused by a small group of destructive people looking for confrontation made the cancellation necessary. Community people, on the other hand, have portrayed the Festival as a "rip-off" and a "shuck."

The foundation was laid for future problems when the Festival was organized by the group who named themselves the San Francisco Music Council: Ralph Gleason, rock columnist of the Chronicle; Bill Graham, operator of the Fillmore; Jan Wenner, editor of Rolling Stone; Ron Polte, manager of Quicksilver Messenger Service; Bill Thompson, manager of Jefferson Airplane; Rock Scully, manager of the Grateful Dead; Tom Donahue, ex-disc jockey at KSAN, and Barry Olivier, organizer of the Berkeley Folk Festival.

Donahue said the staff was comprised of street people "who have been involved in the music scene locally for a long period of time." But in finding a staff they hadn't looked beyond the music scene, and many of these "street people" had left the street specifically because they made money on rock music. There was only one Third World person on the staff and whites outside the music scene had been neglected.

Groups such as the Haight commune (composed of people from about 20 communes in the Haight as well as other residents), the Mime Troupe, and Newsreel originally went to the council and demanded representation for themselves and other community groups. There were a series of meetings between community groups and Festival workers. At the first meeting, July 28, community people were told to come to the Wild West office the next day. Three went over–they said they were shunned; Festival staffers said the three were obnoxious and didn't fit in.

A meeting was held in the Haight two days later–Festival people were invited, but their representative didn't show up because "he was wound up doing something else in connection with the Festival" according to Donahue. The 75 people at the meeting, incensed by the council's unwillingness to discuss their complaints, voted to strike, with only two dissenting votes.

The next Tuesday, August 5, another meeting was held, attended by Donahue, Polte, and Thompson from the council. It was agreed that the community should be represented and an implementation meeting was set for Friday. In the meantime, community groups met, including the Haight Commune, the Mime Troupe, La Raza, The Black Panthers, the Red Guard, SDS (northern California region), Newsreel, High School Union, and Third World Liberation Front at SF State.

Polte showed up alone and was curt and patronizing to the people there–he ended by saying the community wasn't accurately represented and there should be another meeting Monday at which time he would involve other groups. Community groups felt put off, and with the Festival only two weeks away they gave up hopes of any real participation in the council.

The other major point of discussion over the last few weeks was whether there would be money made, and, if so, where it should go. The Festival was originally conceived as a free fair where musicians, filmmakers, actors, and poets would perform for free in Golden Gate Park. Two benefits raised $22,000 for the Festival, but the council found more money was needed and decided to have paid concerts in Kezar Stadium each of the three nights.

The budget at the time of the first meeting with the community on July 28 (only a month before the Festival) was vague and disorganized. Many aspects of the budget were questioned, like $20,000 set aside for stage construction (this was ultimately reduced to $4,000). The revised project submitted by the council on Aug. 5, was still almost $150,000.

Most objectionable of all were salaries totalling $136,000 for those working on the Festival. Fifteen people were paid $500 per month, which community people felt was a lot for "organizers" who are presumably setting up an event for its own sake. Other particularly objectionable expenses included $6,000 for promotion and $8,000 for security guards (required by the San Francisco Police, according to the Festival staff).

After discussing the proposed budget and possible revenues (from the paid concerts, but more importantly from a movie that was going to be made of the Festival and records that were going to be recorded there) some council members admitted that it would probably make money. At a press conference August 6, Donahue talked about "what a music festival could initiate in this town," like a "performing arts center."

These weren't bad ideas (although they were vague), but they uncovered a contradiction–was this a free festival for the people attending it, or a money-making event to do something for the artist? And if the latter (which apparently it was at this point), shouldn't the communities which are making the Festival possible get some of the money?

Housing for the visitors was another problem which the council hadn't dealt with. There obviously would be large numbers of people coming (estimates ran as high as 250,000), and the park was closed at dusk. Where would these people go when the park closed if they didn't pay $3 to go to Kezar? Where could they sleep and eat? These questions were left hanging, presumably for an overburdened community to solve.

It was pointed out that some people would get arrested for vagrancy, dope, etc., and that money and a structure should be appropriated for legal defense. This, also, was largely neglected by the council, as were problems of medical care...

The festival organizers attempted something which might have been possible two years ago during San Francisco's so-called "Summer of Love." But they are living in the past. San Francisco, and the country in which young people live, have changed a lot in the last two years.

Communities which were silent then have come alive, and want to be involved in what comes down in their city. The communes in the Haight, La Raza in the Mission, the Panthers in the black neighborhoods, and various campus groups all want to determine themselves.

The staff wanted the Festival to be "apolitical," but San Francisco is very political and so is rock music. To have a festival which is "apolitical" is to draw an artificial distinction between culture and politics. This country cannot change politically without cultural changes, and the important thing is to integrate the two. Gleason, for example, criticizes the "non-musical politicos...who seldom make art," but how does he explain the Mime Troupe which has been giving free performances in Bay Area parks for years or Newsreel, which has been showing its films for free? Many of the groups which challenged the Festival have been bringing culture and politics together.

Festival workers were proud of the good relations that were established with the Mayor, the Police, and the Parks and Recreation Department. According to Rolling Stone, Alioto had been after Graham to pull together a festival ever since the lucrative Monterey Pop venture? relations were so good Mayor Alioto declared this week Wild West Week. Festival people admitted they didn't really think about the community–they just assumed the festival would be accepted and concentrated on the Establishment. But, in doing this, they added substance to the street people's mistrust of them.

To say the Festival had to be cancelled because of potential danger from destructive confrontation-seekers only shows the council's disingenuousness. It's true there were threats and there could have been trouble, but only because the council was *felt* to be unrepresentative of community spirit and the Festival was *felt* to be another round of exploitative hoopla.

The center did not hold. Artists were backing down. Two big bands slated to appear at Kezar promised to honor the strike and play free while the paid concerts were going on. The Festival was undermined from all sides and from within, and the spirit needed to sweep through the last few weeks was gone.

The idea of a Festival wasn't a bad one, and most of the organizers were sincere; they just wanted a joyous get-together. But their political naivete was fatal. Maybe they learned something. With Wild West out of the way, the major problems remain to be solved. There are grave questions of how things get worked out without exploitation when a community's culture is embodied in artists who must leave that community in order to convey their art. This wretched society forces us to treat these as questions of property: who "owns" art anyway? Not the packagers, we know that, but then a solution is still distant as long as there is money to be made. The street communities aroused against trespassers, however well-intentioned, and artists aroused against their packagers, must being now to bring themselves together. It is too late for prima-donnas, too late for spectators.

FARGO'S TRIP

The Mystery Man and I hitched to Madison, Wisconsin a couple of weeks ago and got 8 fingers, 5 honks, 3 "V" signs, 4 comments about our hair, and one ride per two thousand cars that went by. Most of our trouble came from greaser types, though one carload gave us a fine ride. Rides came from freaks, jocks, and straight-looking people; only one vehicle, a Wisconsin road repair truck tried to run us off the road. We were amazed to find that some short haired brothers of the road had more trouble hitching than we did as regards maniacs running their cars straight at them.

Chicago's youthful revolutionary groups are getting their shit together, but a lot of their brotherly love only appears in their rhetoric. The Young Patriots, Young Lords, and Cammancheros have a lot of inter-group rivalry that needs kicking out. Some people are into more of a Hell's Angel's bag.

Most of the greasers in Madison, where the University of Wisconsin is, are from local high schools. They used to give the freaks of the town many bad times, but have recognized a loosely defined hippie turf since last school year's fire riots. Many college groups used to block off the street and have block parties, but when the longer-haired block did it, the Man moved in for the first time. The cops (who have a reputation equivalent to Sheriff Harvey's force) were met with rocks, bottles, and fires, earning the Mifflin Street area a together reputation. There is a community co-op grocery store on Mifflin Street, and the hip community which centers around that area does seem a bit more sincere and less cliqueish than Ann Arbor's "with-it" scene, though Madison Ave. controlled hypes abound there as everywhere. You can drink full strength beer at 18 in Madison , and many students there actually beleive the Playboy Magazine way of life to be ultimate truth.

Madison Kaleidoscope (underground local press) and the Madison Resistance have started a commune whcih looks to be off to a nice start. And some fine persons bought out a dying sorority house and have turned it into Stone Manor Co-op. Madisonites frequently live half of the year in Berkeley. The Madison scene is easily as together as Ann Arbor, possibly more so, while the number of fakes also equals Ann Arbor's garbage.

JAMS IN NAM

In Vietnam recently, an NLF psychological operations team conducted a little summer festival for some of the 1st infantry. Calling its show "a special GIs and officers program," they played the top five songs on the "hit parade": 1.) Where have all the flowers gone? 2.) Why are you fighting here? (in Vietnamese) 3.) Come on over to our side. (in Vietnamese) 4.) Help us Rid the Country of Troublemakers 5.) North to Alaska.

CINEMA GUILD

Cinema Guild and Cinema Two have several great pictures scheduled for the forthcoming year. Above all do not fail to see "Children of Paradise", "Triumph of the Will," "Nosferatu," and most every thing else.

John Wayne's Batjac Productions gave the Army $18,623.64 for Blank ammunition and flares used in the film "The Green Berets" but much of the aid the army gave him was free. Army assistance included 3800 man days, aircraft and other equipment...Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D-N.Y.) charged that as much as $1 million free help may have been given. Wayne countered the charges by saying Rosenthal was attacking "one of the only films I know about that's espressly making Americans appear heroes around the world."

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HOWLIN' WOLF

BAD DOG

WOLF: I play two kinds of things, you know. I play the low down blues and then I can play the progressive jazz and then I can play rock and roll. See, I play guitar and I blow harp. But see, musicians they really don't know nothin' but rock and roll and the gut bucket. But I go to school for my music, you know, the Chicago music school. I strictly play jazz, you know. But a lot of people don't know this.

ARGUS: You studied in music school?

WOLF: Oh, yeah. I been goin' to music school for about four years. Some places you go people like the blues, some like rock and roll, and some like something else, you know what I mean? So you've got to be able to satisfy a crowd wherever you go in the music field. You don't never learn it all but you just learn some portions of it and be able to entertain.

ARGUS: You do feel that going to school has brought about changes in your music?

WOLF: No, it ain't goin' to bring about changes in my pattern, you know what I mean. But I like to know these things cause I'm becoming a music instructor on the guitar and harp. I want to be able to give it out to the people who want to learn it.

ARGUS: When did you start singing professionally?

WOLF: 1920 the fifteenth day of January when I started singing the blues.

ARGUS: How old were you then?

WOLF: I was just a small boy then. I was born in 1910 the tenth of June. I was born in Monroe, Louisiana. That's about 160 miles beyond Memphis on the East side, in Monroe county. My home was around Aberdeen, Mississippi.

ARGUS: You've written most of your own material?

WOLF: Some of it and I got Big Dixon gimme some songs when they want me to sing a record, you know. Sometimes I wouldn't be ready so I had to go to Big Dixon and get some of the numbers. So right now all of the rest of the numbers I'm puttin' out are my own. I cut some the other day. They're supposed to be out in a week or the week after next. But it's in the key of the old style of G and D and D flat and G minor. See I'm goin' back, way back and bring some of this stuff up to date. See the young people who live today don't know nothing about it.

ARGUS: I don't think there is any other singer that sings with as much insistence to people as you do. When you get someone on your line you've just got them. I mean I've heard you perform and its different than any other performer in the sense that sometimes I'm so scared I want to leave.

WOLF: Well, see if you are going to sing to the people whether you are singing the blues or a ballad or jazz or any kind of song you are supposed to make it rhyme and make it fit. See, a lot of people sing but they don't sing with no understanding. When you repeat your words be sure to make some understanding of what you are saying. Just like you are talking to a girl friend. When you go up to a sweet thing and say "are you married" or "what's your name" or "my name is blah, blah, blah," or whatever you are going to say. Next thing "do you want to go out?:: or "do you care to go out?" She give you the word and you go out and you be proud for this, see. So now that's just like anything else. In the singin' you got to know what you're singing, make your words clearer and make them fit. Its just like you say "the sun is shining" or no, somebody says its raining. See its an obvious thing. Same with that girl. That's the way life is.

ARGUS: How did you start playing music? Who did you admire as a boy?

WOLF: Charlie Patton. He was a half-mixed-breed Negro. He had to be half-Indian and a Negro. He couldn't have been a Puerto Rican. He was a half-breed, you know, but he was a nice person, you know what I mean, at Louisville, Mississippi that's down below Clarksdale on 49 W'E' goin' south into Jackson He come out on the farm. At that time my grandfather was livin' with my dad, see. They always had a farm, you know, and I was just the labor workin' on it. He come through there and I liked the way he played. I got him to give me some start off, you know what I mean. Then, the next man was Lemon Jefferson. I liked the way he played his guitar because he played his guitar clearly. He made clear notes on his guitar. I liked Lonnie Johnson because he played a clear guitar, and I liked that, see.

ARGUS: Speaking of clearness, I don't think there's anyone in the blues business with more clearness than you have.

WOLF: Well, I tell ya. You see I been pushed way back, I could remember when people wouldn't let me up front. And everybody pushed me back, you know, because I was just dirt, and I felt like I was dirt. So I stayed back. See, because I was able to back up my own self and I didn't think I had no right to be out there trying to push and scrape up no few nickels, you know, which I need 'em, you never get too many of 'em, but I'm a funny kind of person. I don't never want to take advantage of nobody and think I'm taking advantage of nobody, you know what I mean, let the people have it. I mean, if there's anything for me, it'll come by and I'll get that.

ARGUS: Where have you been touring?

WOLF: I been in England, Paris, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Lake) eneva, Poland, Dusseldorf, East Berlin, oh I've been all over the country. I just came back from England about two months ago. Those peoples is very nice. And then too, the English boys, they like my stuff. And I don't mind a white boy playin' my music because.....

I'm getting old. And I'd be tickled to death to know that some young man would take it and keep it a goin'. See a lot of peoples is worried about it because, "Oh that's a Negro song". I look at it like this, if you like my sound and you want to play like me, you play like me. That'll make me feel, if I'm in my grave, that'll make me feel good that somebody thought enough to play my stuff. It'll make the colored feel good and it'll make a lot of white fans feel good because I got

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a lot of 'em.

ARGUS: Your music is really gettin' around.

WOLF: See, I been held back, you know, the people give me a dirty deal all the way. Because, I tell you, if people can't use you they don't need you. Well now, you don't go to work and try and use a man. People behind him got nothin' but money and can push him where they want to push him. I don't care what you say, if somebody behind you got the bread you can forget about the talk. Sooner or later they gon' push you right up to the front. See what I'm talkin' 'bout? But I can't get my people to understand this. Today this is a new day and if you show some of this stuff called God we trust somebody gonn' come up to the front and say "I am the man". That's right, there ain't gon' be no hard feelin' and he didn't come for no trouble but he sure gon' let you know that he are the man. You know what I mean, supposed to be here. Just like a flower you understand. Now you take us right here. We trampin' on this grass, we stay here a couple months and tramp here we gonn' kill it. Just as soon as we stop trampin' the first warm sunshine and the grass gon' start growin' again. So you can't beat it. Anything up to date. It's like we said years ago we never make it to the moon, they used to say, I say you never know. That's right you never know what scientists can do. Today we sittin' on the moon, we got a flag up there, y'understand, they said we couldn't do it, don't never say what we can't do. The next thing you know I'm lookin' down the street I see a man with no head on his body, and after they say you can't do it, I'm gonna' tell them they're wrong, he's gonna' come down sooner or later. That's right. This is of today. And one thing I hate about it, the world don't understand it. We livin' in some tough times. Because since World War II people got wiser and wiser. And that makes things different. A whole lot of people way back lived in the country they didn't know what was happening out here but see after they went to the war and fought and seen all these things happening, well, they done got smarter. Now they gettin' smarter and smarter every day. That's why I say things done changed. So that's the only thing, if they can look back and look at that, because from now on out we gonn' have some hell of ups and downs all the way.

ARGUS: I can see by talking to you that you're as much a religious man as...

WOLF: No, I ain't a religious man. I just believe in right.

ARGUS: Well as far as I'm concerned you know what's right, and what's really right.

WOLF: Well, I don't have an education.

ARGUS: You mean you don't have a piece of paper.

WOLF: No. You can take my sense and put it in a paper bag and it'll rattle like two nickels. But, you see, but understandin', that's all I need. You don't need no book learnin'. Now they holler 'bout you got to go to school, and you got to pull the moon and pull the stars down and get the shiny pants. I bring you the rest. Common sense, that's all a man needs. Common sense.

ARGUS: Do you have any songs you like to sing that always make you feel good?

WOLF: No. All the songs are good for me. When I get to singin' I just get happy. I like all music regardless of who plays it. But some of this music today is too loud, I mean it'll knock your eardrums out. You go in the house you gotta' put your hands up to your ears. Them High speakers today just blastin' your eardrums down boom, bam. I played on a show one night, I went home layin' in the bed sleepin', I jumped up and run through the window glass cut myself down the back because I heard that thing in my sleep. It's just too loud. I'm sorry, I'm tellin' no lie, it's too loud. That go for the white boys, the Negro boys Mexican anybody, too loud is nothin' but knockness.

ARGUS: Knockness?

WOLF: Knockness, just some stuff comin' together and you don't understand what it means. That's what you call real garbage, that's the worst garbage in town. But the peoples just eats it up. Just like the rabbit eating the carrot, "chomp, chomp, chomp, what's up doc?" All the records I heard was nice, you know, I don't dominize no musician. I hate to hear a man dominize a musician, but I will say the music is too loud. Whether he was playing good or whether he was playing bad, it's too loud. You see, you supposed to make it pleasing to the peoples ears, then they don't mind listenin' to the tune.

ARGUS: It's been a pleasure talking to you.

WOLF: I appreciate your comin'. I'm not a smart man. See, I got a little head and a big heart, see, that's all I need.

"But Anyhow" Teegarden & Van Winkle on

Atco Records

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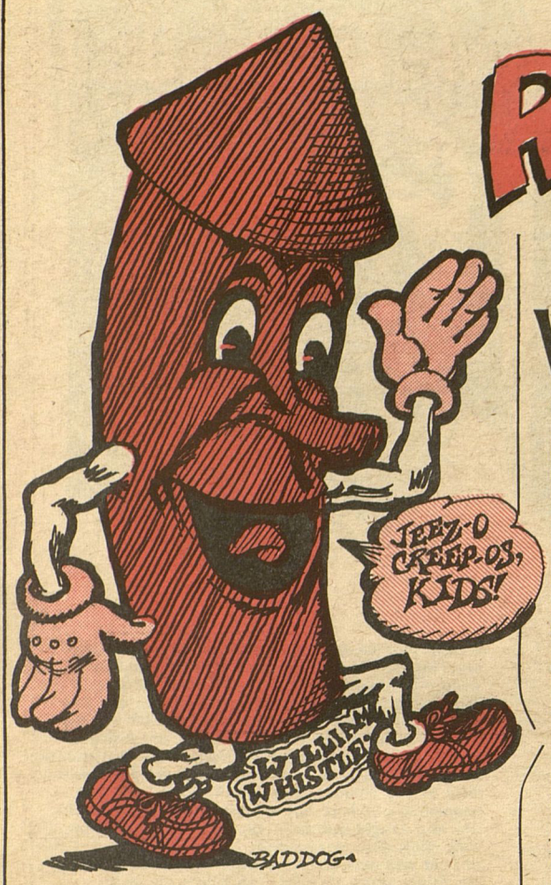
REVOLUTION &S



Photographs by Robert Sheffield

by Peter Brett

Whistle Stop Restaurant, located on South Forest a skip and a hump away from the epicenter of riot pyrotechnics that occurred on South University last June, became for a while the only place in the city where street people could gather without feeling pressured into spending money. Ture, there was Anjie's Satellite Restaurant across the street squatting under the blank expression of University Towers, and Anjie's offered 10¢ coffee, air-conditioning, occasionally tolerable music. But late last summer a sign went up on the store window crisply stating that animals and people with bare feet were no longer allowed to patronize the restaurant. Streetpeople, in other words. The owner of Anjie's looked at it this way: he needed to gross $38/hr. in order to stay open and streetpeople never spent much money on food. Instead, they sat around and looked filthy, thus discouraging less unsavory types from stopping at the restaurant. By discouraging streetpeople he figured he'd kill two birds at once--clean up the restaurant's appearance and encourage clientele more conspicuously affluent. Anjie's owner overlooked the simple fact that an empty restaurant loses more potential customers than one that has a few streetpeople sitting at the booths. Health Code ordinances in the state of Michigan do not specify that footwear is necessary in order to enter a restaurant. Anjie's Satellite stayed empty for most of the summer. The restaurant went out of business last month. A costly mistake that has not been comprehended by other local restauranteurs.

For three years the streets and restaurants along South University have provided an important meeting place for streetpeople. Anjie's and South U Restaurant were the most popular places, while fraternity and straight people usually drifted over to The Brown Jug. One of the reasons for the confrontation this summer was that streetpeople had no place to go after South U Restaurant closed down and Anjie's refused to serve people not wearing shoes.

Certainly there were other reasons for the confrontation, such as the continual presence of two cops whose mission was to clear out people sitting along the sidewalks at night; the catalyst provided by confrontation tactics espoused by John Sinclair's White Panter Party, etc.

a picture: **Monday night, June 16, cultural revolution as seen by White Panther Minister of Information John Sinclair with rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets happens right here on South University in the same block where Anjie's Restaurant won't allow none of them filthy goddam hippies to sit around in their place, the lazy punks, how come they're so fuckin' lazy they can't get a job like respectable kids we know? Bet their parents don't know how to discipline 'em is all. Hot Monday night with plenty of Boone's Farm and cheap Ripple and grass goin' around, hey, this is really (I mean really) great and pretty soon here's 700 people, and not only White Panther commie agitators but University students and high school kids and older people and... 700 of 'em set up barricades around the block and danced and fucked and were happy until**

Tear gas pours from the Whistle Stop

the cops showed up sometime in the middle of the evening and said to the party-people, split before we bust you, but the cops were outnumbered and themselves had to split. Three hours of street festivities, one store window on South U accidentally broken but White Panther Party, apologizing, offers to pay for its replacement.

Tuesday night, June 17, spurred by complaints from South University merchants, local conservative sentiments, history of noise rock concerts on Sunday afternoons, and especially pride injured, suddenly appear 300 riot-helmeted firm-willed mace-toting police from five different forces in the area to do battle with these punk upstarts, see, with some 1500 free souls occupying front seat positions along the South University battle front. Scare and brutality and obscenity tactics kept the free souls in constant movement around, away and then back to South University for 4½ hours. Score at the end of the evening: 45 arrested souls and several cops injured by high-flying debris and garbage.

This looks like the ultimate contest everyone has been waiting to see. The beginning or the untimely death of the Cultural Revolution. Everyone waits for Wednesday evening and many people hope it will rain so the contest will be postponed. President Fleming, sprayed by tear gas as he attempted to provide sanctuary for beleagured students on his own front porch, is now gasping for breath and personal amnesty with a political bone in his throat. Mayor Harris has his problems, too. Cops and conservatives lambast him for not enforcing "mere" law and order; students and White Panther devotees excoriate him for pretending to be liberal-minded and sympathetic to student sentiments.

Wednesday night, June 18, get over to the

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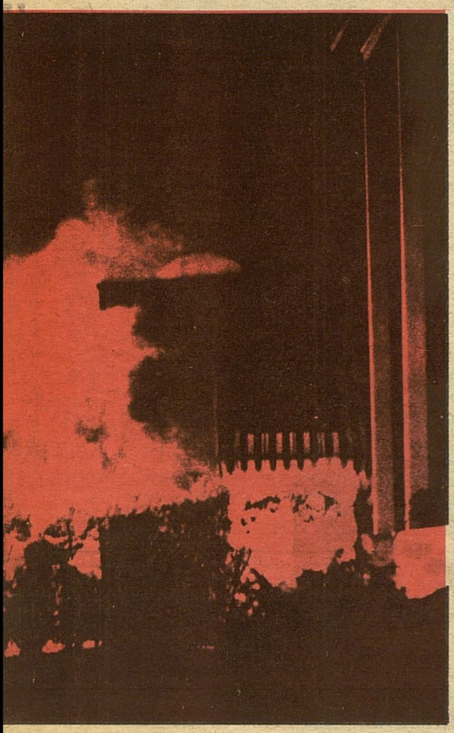
SODA-POP AT THE WHISTLE STOP!



plaza in front of the Administration Building and groove on the concert, it's good music, friends, it sure beats gettin' the shit kicked out of you over on South University, know what i mean? Can you dig it? There is good hard rock music that does not attempt and therefore does not succeed in calming the savage student breast. It is another savage hot Ann Arbor night. A nice diversionary tactic, this University-sponsored music, and the concert lasts until 11:30 p.m. Street people have an extra sense for the proximity and time of Cultural Revolution and within an hour after the concert has terminated South University is sort of appropriated by the people and--what's this: Here come them fuckin' pigs, damn, with night sticks and--promptly and efficiently, almost effortlessly except for their apparently righteous indignation, prodeed to arrest another 24 free souls for crimes ranging from creating a contention in the street to outright felonious acts.

But then what about the relevance of restaurants to all this? In the midst of the onslaught the Whistle Stop, the size of one of those little places that specialize in 12¢ hamburgers, although differing from these by having neat little chairs covered in revolution-red plastic, a series of formica tables that could be moved around to accomodate six or eight customers wanting to sit together, good food, nearly reasonable prices, no house-rules related to footwear or other apparel (in fact not giving a damn what-the-fuck you decide to wear so long as you fall by), and happening to be situated just around the corner from the heaviest Revolution action, providing medical service and real sanctuary for the sick, the injured, the hemorrhaging during the height of the siege and thus immediately earns the respect and attention fo the Revolutionaries. The only merchant in the area who gave more than a damn for all them no-good rotten streetpeople that we read about in our newspapers. Remember the Whistle Stop. And, what's more, it's the only restaurant in town that's open all night.

By the end of Revolution Week--June 20--there was a more than noticeable population shift from the sidewalk in front of Anjie's Restaurant to the Whistle Stop on South Forest, Next to the laundromat, across the street from the parking structure where they one time held this huge party on the top floor with the stars for a ceiling.

By the end of the month the Whistle Stop had begun to seem more like a Diggers communal effort than an enterprising establishment dedicated to making money and dispensing rules of conduct for patrons. Whistle Stop gave food to people who were hungry and penniless; it became a catering service for streetpeople. Employees worked ten and twelve hours a day and made several dollars and got a free meal.

By July the restaurant and its special set-up had become known to a lot of chicks, motorcycle people, blacks, and, of course, the cops. Every night the cops would ride up in cars and park a paddy-wagon across the street, you know, just in case. Streetpeople, now fortified by the spurious protection they gained by sitting around the restaurant, carrying bottles of Boone's Farm wrapped in a paper bag and passing them around in communal generosity to friends and strangers alike--openly taunted the cops as they walked slowly past the Whistle Stop during their nightly rounds. Ya Pigs, Ya gettin' paid overtime for watchin' us?

On July 12, the police found sufficient justification for arresting three people who had been standing out in front of the Whistle Stop. Police had asked the restaurant manager, Richard Gartee, to remove the tables and chairs and people from the patio giving onto the sidewalk in front and while Gartee was phoning his lawyer to find out if this could be legally enforced a girl called into the restaurant that "the pigs were here" and she was arrested on an abscenity charge. The other two people arrested were charged with creating a contention and standing in the way of the officers when they were trying to arrest the girl.

The Digger notion of supplying food for all those in need was one of the most attractive things Whistle Stop had to offer in mid-July. Fine food--barbeque sandwiches on an onion roll, corned beef, tongue, roast beef, potato salad...on the house. Being open twenty-four hours/day also met another need and people could sleep in the booths if they had nowhere else to go. If people needed money they could ring up a NO CHARGE and extract it from the cash register.

The pressing problem was that, in the absence of strict supervision and management, the till contained almost no maney at the end of each day. And no new funds or food supplies were forthcoming. So the inevitable thing happened. The Whistle Stop, after being robbed of $200 one evening, closed down. This was at the end of July.

The managers of the Whistle Stop seriously doubted if they would be able to re-open the restaurant. It stayed closed for about three weeks, during which time the owners were held accountable for rent, mortgages, debts on food-service equipment. Through some sleight of hand maneuvering the managers were able to acquire enough money to re-open the Whistle Stop in mid-August. But this time they laid down a few rules. Because they had incurred huge debts it would be necessary to change the policy of giving people free food and money at least until the restaurant could get back on its feet. Street-people continued to come into the Whistle Stop and sit around reading the morning papers without purchasing any food. A week later the managers set down a new rule: if you weren't going to purchase anything then you couldn't come into the restaurant. Now, on any given night, there are perhaps thirty people sitting around outside the restaurant and perhaps three or four paying customers inside. Whistle Stop, first brought to its knees by a robbery, is not being helped by the people it once helped.

There are plenty of lousy restaurants in Ann Arbor, where the prices are absurd, the service poor, the food inferior. These are the places that are staying in business. Think a businessman with some generosity can survive in this city? Think Student Book Service begins to show us a viable alternative to Ulrich and Clint Castor? The Whistle Stop can be more generous with its food and facilities if you can help it make a beginning. Consider it.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 24TH: SEVEN OF THE GREAT LIVING BLUES MUSICIANS WALKED ON STAGE TOGETHER.

LPS 127
CHESS STEREO
Recorded in Concept '17

FATHERS AND SONS

APRIL 24TH FOR SALE.

Also Included: (from our studio) April 21, 22, 23.

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OUTA-SITE PLATTER PAGE

Ike & Tina

by LIBBY McCARTHY
River Deep-Mountain High
A & M Records SP4178

How can one criticize an album which comes equipped with a quote from George Harrison calling the title song a "perfect record from start to finish"? After listening to it the next question is, "Why would you want to"? The record is a remarkable combination of the work of two of the finest talents in rhythmn and blues. On one hand are Ike and Tina Turner, who if your r&b interest stretches much beyond Motown you have undoubtedly heard of. On the other is Superproducer Phil Spector who has molded such oldie but goodie masterpieces as "To Know Him is to Love Him" and the Righteous Brothers, "You've Lost That Loving Feeling".

What makes this album so much better than most highly commercial rhythm and blues records is that Spector manages to drench the arrangements with his famous multi-instrumented wall of sound while not stepping all over the basic r&b themes of Ike and Tina Turner. The sound is both complex, multi-rhythmic, and simple and driving at once. The authorship of the songs includes numbers written by Spector, Ike Turner, and even a Holland-Dozier-Holland selection to give Motown equal time. The Turner numbers tend to be more direct and traditionally handled r&b, "A Fool In Love" uses mainly one guitar, a few horns and piano (at least at audible levels) to provide major accompaniment.

The Spector compositions tend to have more going on and at times it seems easy to believe at least one quarter of the population of Los Angeles was getting studio pay during the production of this album. Yet instead of being merely loud these parts of the album work beautifully because it seems that Spector has the ability to use large and varied numbers of musicians without losing track of where every single piece must fit. There is something really satisfying about this in contrast to much of the one hundred watt per musician formula of much of today's rock.

Despite the fact that this album was recorded over three years ago it still has a lot to say about the kinds of things you can do in a studio besides just putting music down on tape. There seems to still be much resistance to "studio rock" on the grounds that unless you are actually present you really won't get one hundred percent of the musical experience. But in the case of Spector and Turner there is no way you could ever hear this music except on an album. Spector uses his production as a third element in the more traditional composer-performer relationship. It is not meant to supplant live music but rather to enhance it while tailoring it better for the medium it is to be transmitted with, namely phonographs.

cash call

by FRED LaBOUR

Johnny Cash and I crossed paths not with "A Boy Named Sue" or the "Live at Folson" album, but 13 years ago in the Chrome Dome with "I Walk the Line". The Chrome Dome was a greasy Hamburger place (we called it a "joint") that my high-school-honey of a big sister used to take me to.

My mother would tell her to take care of me for an afternoon while she went shopping, so my sister, saddled with a smartass kid brother, would pile us into our '54 Olds and we'd meet her greasy friends at the Chrome Dome. We'd drink malts (I could get two by being "good") and they would do the Lindy hop, the chicken, and the jitterbug to the jukebox.

The jukebox was the best part of the whole deal. and that's how Johnny Cash first spoke to me. The label said F-2, Johnny Cash, "I Walk the Line," Sun Records, and I was hooked. Dime after dime poured into Chrome Dome coffers while out came "I keep a close watch...etc." It was uncomplicated and I loved it. It had the insistent "chuck-chuckachuck" rhythm, the captivatingly simple lead by Luther Perkins, the voice that made the adjective "haunting" obsolete, and my undivided attention.

My big sister bought one of Cash's Sun albums called "Johnny's Greatest" which I wore out in subsequent years committing each separate lead to memory. It remains perhaps my fondest memory of childhood, which, coupled with Chrome Dome ethnography, is a potent combination indeed.

The Chrome Dome was ripped down when John Kennedy was elected president and a Meijers' Supermarket took it's palce. Johnny Cash went roughly the same route.

The last two years has seen Cash rise to a degree of mass popularity unrivaled by any other artist with a Memphis-Nashville root system. He travels the country with a slick on-stage presentation that packs in hundreds of thousands of fans. He commanded Saturday night prime time television last summer with a Nashville based show. His albums reach number one on country charts whether they're any good or not and "A Boy Named Sue" was number two in the nation on pop surveys.

But he has changed drastically since the old days of the Chrome Dome, altering his style, his content, and his record company. I suspected something was fishy with him these days. but I failed to realize the extent of the change until the very recent release of **Johnny Cash's Original Golden Hits Vols. 1 and 2 (Sun 100 and 101)** brought back so vividly the poignancy of early Cash.

On both of the new records, but especially on Volume One, Cash is a man in touch with his soul. The words are those of a sensitive artist not yet hasseled by a Columbia Records monolith, drugs, Carter Families, or national television. They have all exacted their toll upon Cash since the creation of that first beautiful music.

The arrangements and the musicianship of the Tennesse Two, lead by the late Luther Perkins, perfect complements for Johnny's articulated soul. They are sometimes agonizingly simple (my friend Ann heard the record and complained because of no "dynamics" and "it all sounded alike." It was like "your heart beats" to her. She is wise, so take heed.) but I'm convinced that simplicity is the cornerstone of the music's greatness.

Works like the original "Folsom Prison Blues", "I Walk the Line," "Cry, Cry, Cry" and "So Doggone Lonesome" are so fresh and real that it is hard to beleive that their creator also sang "Everybody Loves A Nut" and the rest of later Cash drivel. These songs and his treatment of them make me dance and sing and feel great.

Volume two isn't quite so hot. Here we can begin to trace the fall of Johnny Cash, complete with honked up choral backgrounds, syrupy material (i.e., "Ballad of a Teen–Age Queen"), and the newer, unconvincing qulity of Cash's voice. Still, it's almost redeemed by "Big River", such is the power of a good Cash song.

Johnny's voice itself is much, much different today than on these early recordings. It has taken on an adenoidal quality, a kind of "hurry-up and let's get this thing over with" feeling that destroys his newer versions of "Folsom Prison Blues," etc. He was relaxed before, singing from below his chest. Now he sings from his head and just can't cut it.

Ann and I went to the Jackson County Fair a month or so ago to see Cash's show in person and our overwhelming sentiment was one of disappointment. The creeping embarrassment I felt while watching his Saturday night television show ran rampant through me as he seemed to parody his greatness of teh earlier years for profit. It is important for you to know that the best part of the traveling Johnny Cash Show is Carl Perkins, an untouched, raw, moving performer.

I cannot help but feel that the poet within Cash, so evident on his early recordings, has not been killed off but has merely been anesthetized by the demands of stardom and dishonest recording work. I also cannot help but feel that within Cash the poet refuses to die and is even now causing trouble in his conscience and may triumph eventually. Every time I encounter him now, whether it be on television, on Top 40 radio, or at the county fair, I have the same feeling; that soon Johnny Cash will suffer a complete nervous breakdown caused by galloping insincerity.

(Billboard Magazine reported two weeks ago the creation of Cash Enterprises, a company devoted solely to publicity of Johnny Cash.)

But now, on Volume One of Cash's Original Golden Hits, Sun has paid appropriate tribute to an artist who might as well be dead. I continue to listen to it and learn.

Buffaloes

by JOHN GRAY

Robert Christgau, late of *Esquire* and recently of the Sunday *Times*, noted a few weeks ago that the prolonged disintegration of the Byrds has been something of a blessing in disguise to rock. Right on, Robert.

But an even bigger blessing, even more heavily disguised, was the too-unheralded death last year of Buffalo Springfield, which is only now starting to be recognized as one hell of a good band. Wow.

All of a sudden, they've come back, individually and with new men, and they've put out three new albums that are all, in varying degrees, hot stuff.

Taking it from the top, there's *Crosby, Stills and Nash*, on Atlantic. If you ever liked the Springfield, the Byrds and/or the Hollies, you'll love this album, because that's what it is. Crosby, Stills and Nash alternate on the songwriting and arranging and you can tell. The only thing that really holds the album together is their incredibly fine harmonizing–better than any singing I've heard in rock since the Everly Brothers.

The Springfield's (and Super Session's, and Judy Collins', and Joan Baez's, and etc.'s) Steve Stills is the standout, as was to be expected, I suppose. He's responsible for all the music except the rhythm and drums and for some of the best songs of the year. For example, "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" his tribute to Judy Collins, no less, is long, but worth it. The structure is reminiscent of "Bluebird," off *Buffalo Springfield Again*, only better, if that's possible. And what a finish, fans!

For another example, "Marrakesh Express" (you know, "Featuring Their Big HIT...") is just about the worst song on the album. In fact, Graham Nash should stick to singing and forget about writing. Which is not to say he's bad, but he's not the match of Crosby, and certainly not the match of Stills.

In fact, the only person I can think of who is a match for Stills just joined the group, that person being Neil Young, as you should already know. Young is another ex-Buffalo, or ex-Springfield or whatever...in fact, he's the ex-lead guitarist for them, which always comes as a surprise to Steve Stills fans.

Anyway, he joined with CS&N (now CSN&Y) apparently on the condition that he still be on his own, too. Which is to say that he'll still be putting out albums backed up by Crazy Horse (who used to be members of the Rockets) like the one he put out this summer called *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* on Reprise, or Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Reprise and if your're confused, you're right.

Back to the point, this is some fine album and is another step toward enshrining Young forever in my personal pantheon of unbelievably good performers that most people don't think are so hot. Which isn't to say that you'll think that. Most people just haven't listened to him.

I've got to admit that this album is no better than Neil's first solo dive, namely *Neil Young* on the same label, but then again, what is.

Standouts for individual honors on this honey have got to be the title tune, "Down by the River" (I shot my baby, no less–an incredible set of lyrics and the only nine-minute rock song I've heard that's worth listening to rather than reading) and "Cowgirl in the Sand" which is a bit long at 10:30, but very well-sustained and very nice.

Which reminds me that most of the rest of the Springfield is now a part of Poco, whose album *Picking Up the Pieces* is also those three things. Which is to say it's nice, but it doesn't replace the Springfield. I mean, I don't know how you feel about this, but I can only stand so many shouts of "Yeeeeee-haaaaaa" on any one album.

There are high points, to be sure. For example, "Picking Up the Pieces" is to country rock what "Do You Believe in Magic" is to good time rock, which is a lot. And in fact, the album is good, in fact quite good–I guess it's unfair to compare them to Stills and Young.

Anyway, the guys from the Springfield are Jim Messina and Richie Furay who weren't any small part of the group. Together, they did a lot of good writing and singing with the Buffalo and they're keeping it up, which is all right with me.

(For all you guys who've read this far, I've got a little parenthetic tip for you–Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young are considering cutting an album at Canterbury House. Think about that...)

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THE HEAVIEST LP OF THE YEAR..

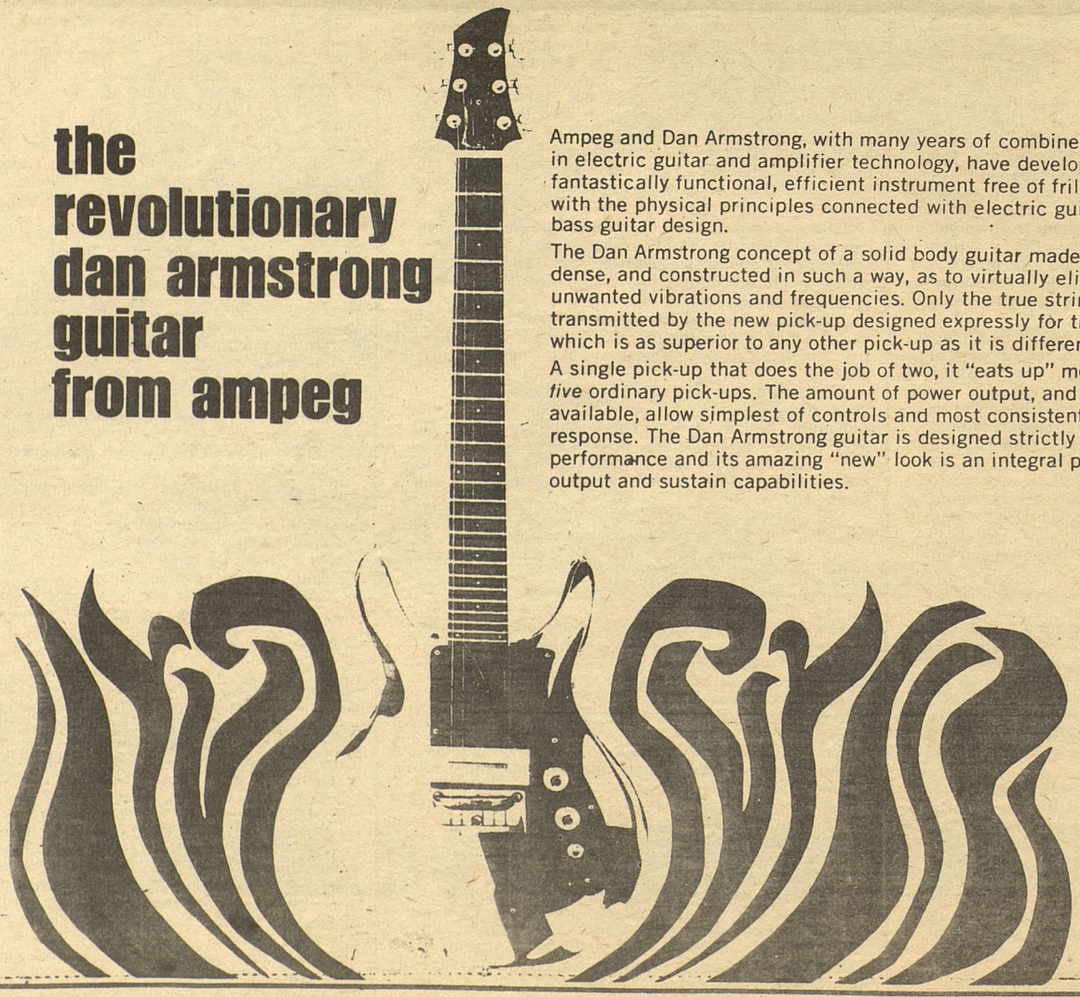
TEN YEARS AFTER

ALVIN LEE & COMPANY

CURRENTLY ON ANOTHER FANTASTIC IN-PERSON U.S.A. TOUR

DERAM
LONDON

the revolutionary dan armstrong guitar from ampeg



Ampeg and Dan Armstrong, with many years of combined experience in electric guitar and amplifier technology, have developed a fantastically functional, efficient instrument free of frills and complete with the physical principles connected with electric guitar and bass guitar design.

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EARTH READ OUT

What am i doing in my life now?
Am asking questions about many things; particularly using the fruits of my scientific background.
Questions about the effects of science in the large sense on the environment which engenders science.
Man's unique differences from other organisms on the planet;

consciousness of energy dew-like on the filmy web of life
living in the pools of energy-information stored
a at the expense of solar excess
chlorop last excess, herbicow excess
primary secondary tertiary carnivore-meat excess

machine/plow made green
fat standing cattle made man-meat
hormone swelled fruit
poisonous to insects who share our earthly metabolism
interferes with a metobolic step unique to insects
not shared with mammal let alone primate
nay...yet even that most glorious MAN

bull shit is good but man shit verbiage is excess excess, excess
hubris overweaning pride the gods of mynos earth
not any christ mythos-too many men crowds tension

Why use the tools of man's arrogance, scientific insights, to look at the results of that arrogance; the devastation of the earth as a biotic environment?

2

Because nuclear powerplants will prove so environmentally costly that their utility as a power source, a replacement of fossil fuels-organic, life energy-with nuclear mineral fuels;

waste from which even more generally toxic
not metabolic poison but DNA poison
randomness-entropy in the genetic code
lack of order-loss of information
entropy increases due to the inexorable
progress is our most important technology

Well, all of this has been a human trip and we face genetic doomsday. How do you-we-me solve the dilemma? If the nuclear powerplants continue to function we face a genetic holocaust:

russian -roulette transcription translation
nonsense codon non-functional polypeptide
tertiary configuration doesn't fit into enzy-sphere
why, how, doesn't fit? don't know but solvable problem
not enough time for that the environmental crisis
is closing fast on us. whoops it just happened
"folks we interrupt this broadcast to bring you this important news bulletin: the environmental
crisis has begun, the first casualty was man"

Back to the dilemma: on the first side genetic holocaust if the lights (a gross technological excess) stay on

"we can't go without light why without light we couldn't have any technology and without technological spinoff where will your children get their shelter and their food"

Well we will have to bear fewer kids until the earth's equilibrium is restored

lack of equilibrium implies an unstable reaction tending toward equilibrium. unfortunately the anthro-reaction seems to be melting the crucible while determining the parameters of the environment

So you say in all moderation--I guess you're right--the pelicans and falcons are dying out for lack of fledgelings. God help us mother's milk is unfit for human consumption. Just at the start of a nationwide breast-feeding trip, who should come along but Capt. DDT himself, the fifth horseman. Spreading death and destruction thru the ecosphere. Banished from the earth by his own regretful creator, Capt. DDT slunk away thru the food chain for his 35-year half-life. One half the DDT molecules present in tomorrow's environment will be present 35 years from now. In 35 years most of the one half untransformed DDT molecules left on earth will be man-centered like the rest of the earth except in this case the butt may be man.

So you're right Mr. Scientist: HOW do you dispose of an atomic powerplant? How come nobody ever thought of that? Hubris, hubris...

3

In man's search for the rational scientific answer many theories have seemed perfect, many explanations complete, only to be replaced by later versions more conforming with the results of experiment. The scientific method purports to be morally transcendent, "without any moral input." A concept is accountable not only for its ancestors but also for its descendants. It makes no difference if the devastation of the earth occurred as the "spin-off" of science for science's sake. Science and technology as we know it now cannot continue--for the earth's sake. The theory of the scientific method has been replaced. The new theory of science is profoundly moral: the purpose of scientific investigation is to return the planet earth to a balance consistent with a maximization of its biotic diversity and its complexity of energetic pathways.

The return of earth to life, "the regeneration of this dying planet," is our own regenerative focus. Self-renewal by working with and for your life essence--your sustenance--the earth and its inhabitants. We the inhabitants:

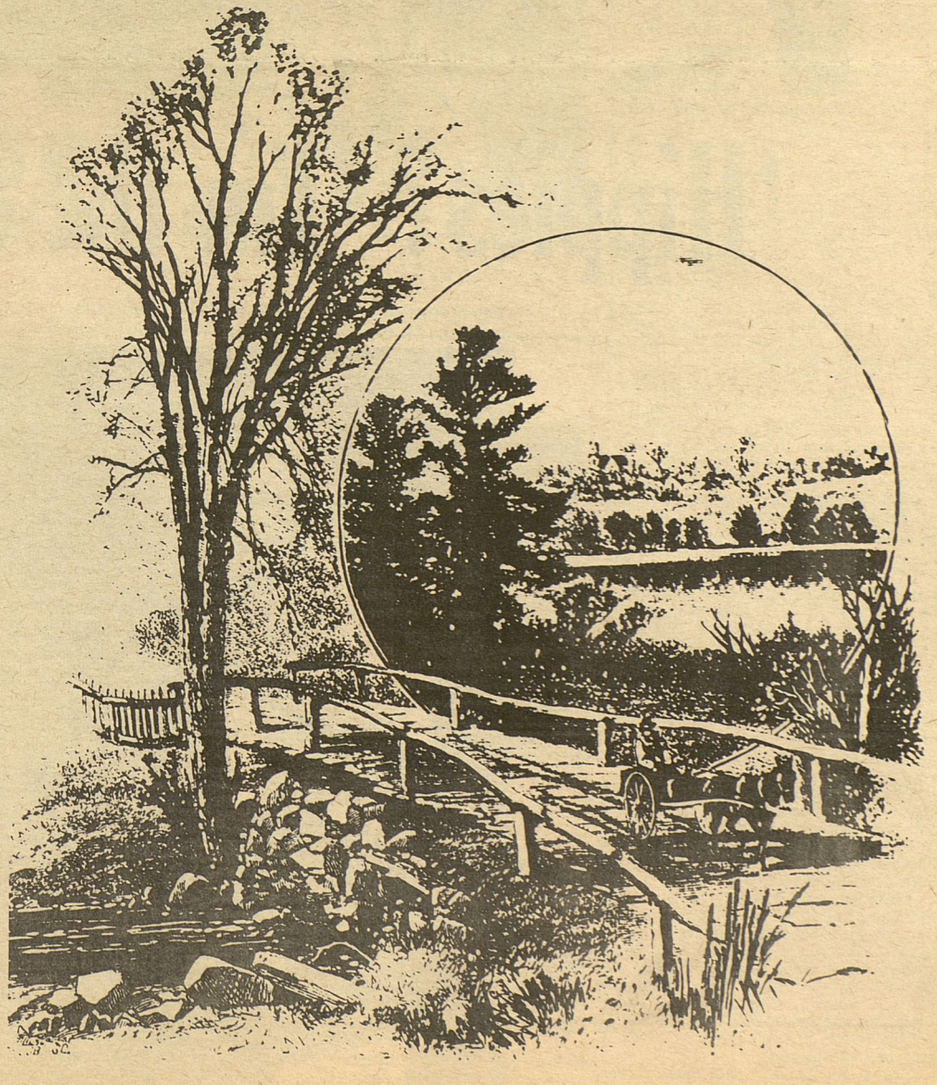
Our voices become the whispering of leaves
in the earth's wind,

regulated by earth rule, earth law written in the diversity and complexity of life, in the discovery of the unity of life's chemistry, in the beauty of its architecture.

Not in the self-satisfaction of short-term profit and the economics that profit engenders. The crux is population size: it must decrease. How much is a question for the new science.

What about the final racial quotas on our less populated planet? The answer to this question (i.e. population control is imperialistic genocide?) comes from letting natural biotic communities restructure while the population declines. Climax communities will organize around small-scale non-exploitative technological and resource bases. Our technological arrogance hasal-resource bases. Our technological arrogance has already determined this evolutionary sequence. Large-scale agriculture--earth-rape--has exhausted the soil, pro-scale agriculture--earth-rape--has exhausted the soil, producing poisoned food which surviving peoples must avoid, frop out of supermarket and back to local community-based agriculture. Africa, Asia, Europe, North and South America, Australia all return to their pre-technological inhabitants if only because they were and probably still are evolutionarily most fit at low population densities.

The patterns of our lives determine our offspring's success. Selection operates against: up-tight lives, urban dwellers, automobile users, meat-eaters. The only people who will survive the environmental crisis are those who respect the earth.



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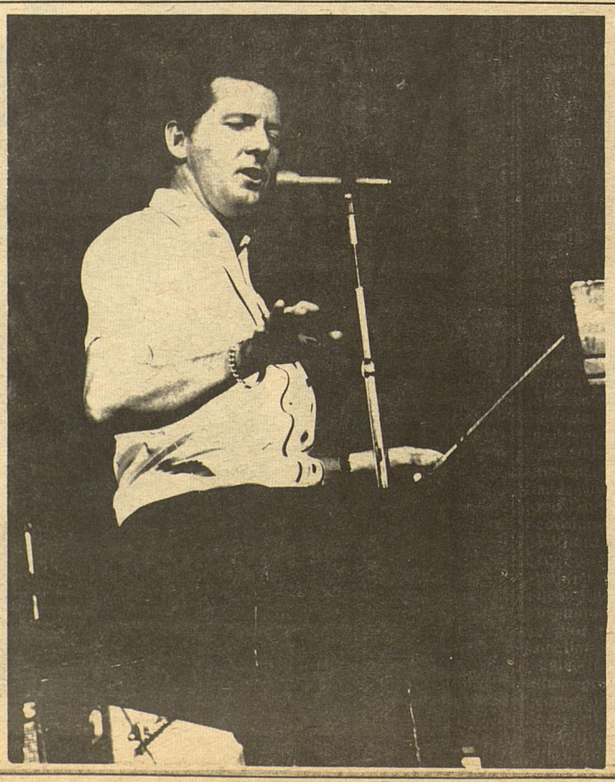
Photographs by Andy Sacks

'Hippies? I'm the original'

by FRED LaBOUR



Little Richard had a whole case of Seagrams Seven in his dressing room before the show which people were drinking out of paper cups. I was afraid to talk to him.

Jerry Lee Lewis, on the other hand, snitched little swigs of Jack Daniels out of his travel case in his dressing room and didn't offer any to anybody else. We talked a lot.

The meeting of two rock and roll kings in cavernous Cobo Hall was something to really fantasize about before it happened. The radio ads said that the two had asked for "equal time" in an effort to "outdo" the other and neither one would be happy until he "had won."

"Yes," I almost shouted, visions of Applause-O-Meters and honest, greasy rock and roll popping into my head. "I'll go. A historic night." I got ready for roots. Photographer Sacks ventured that they'd both tear all their clothes off.

Little Richard sat regally in his dressing room just before the show at the end of a long, plastic-topped table covered with whiskey. He was enveloped in a purple spangley cape, much pancake make-up, and crowned by beautiful, curly, piled high hair. I minced around the edge of the room, hoping he wouldn't notice me if I helped myself to some whiskey. I wondered how old he was.

"Let's go, band," said Richard Penniman. "Let's go." The six black and two white musicians left to warm-up the sparse crowd. I skulked out of the dressing room feeling with them, quite stupid because logically I should have interviewed Little Richard and found out what he thought about today's music and Detroit and people bothering him in his dressing room. But I didn't say a word. Possibly we're both thankful.

The part of Cobo Hall where they play basketball is a very large joint, and there were only maybe 4,000 people scattered around it. Dan Carlisle asked everybody to come sit as close as they could to the stage and announced that the SRC and Mitch Ryder were in the audience and there was a lot of applause. Hometown boys and all that.

Little Richard's band, the Crown Jewels, did two nice instrumentals with heavy, heavy bass and drums which probably could be heard at the Chrysler Show upstairs if anybody up there cared to listen.

Then Little Richard was at the side of the stage, hollering for an emcee to introduce him again because he has a very big entrance. One might argue that his entrance is the best part of the show. The band is going through "Lucille," whompa-whompa-whompa-whompa, the guy yells "Here's Little Richard," and there, by God, he is.

He jumped out to the middle of thes stage, stretched out his arms towards the crowd, adn spangled away. His boots were white, his pants white, tight, and bell-bottomed, and his doublet white, and covered with hundreds of tiny mirrors which reflected the spotlights in a million dancing patterns on the ceiling and audience. His skin, of course, was black. He looked great.

His caped helper straightened out the piano, Little Richard sat down with the

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band still going "whompa-whompa-whompa-whomp," he pounded the keys and sang "Lucille." My,my. I walked around holding my head in my hands saying "My, my." Everybody yelled and he went through a bunch of other tunes like "Good Golly Miss Molly," "Blueberry Hill," "Rip It Up," and "Keep a Knockin'." My, my.

Between songs he asked if everybody was having a good time and how they should say "Whooooooo-ooop" which they said. He had all the women say "Ooooo-ohhhhh" and all the men then say "Ugh."

Things were pretty lively, but they got even more so when he jumped up on his piano during "Jenny, Jenny" and threw off his boots into the audience bringing hordes of fans racing to the floor in front of the stage. The police got quite nervous at this and hence obnoxious, but Little Richard said it was all right and the audience shouldn't worry, but that "they (the cops) just too old to dance."

He stayed up on the piano for his last four or five songs, milking the crowd for every last drop of adoration. (You should remember that both Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis like being famous more than they like you, me, or their music. Yes, remember that.

He took off his collar, swayed back and forth tantalizing the outstretched hands of the hippies and straight creeps alike. He pivoted erotically, swung the collar slowly-then faster, and finally let fly into the mass.

The collar throwing, the biggest pantomined hand-job of all time (the show in microcosm), what with two hundred hands clutching furiously at Richard Penniman's penis, aching for the tug that he'd always remember. He grinned unbearably the whole time and I could almost hear my mother say "If that's what we call entertainment these days, I wonder what's wrong with our society." This hand job relationship between rock and roll star and audience is possibly the basis for all of rock and roll.. with thousands of musicians hoping to get beat off on stage by thousands of fans who can get as close as possible to the core of the "nowness" of the action by pumping a skinny singer. It is successful because everyone thinks it's important to be there.

Anyway, a secretary ruined her nylons fighting for the collar and afterwards told me she planned to "auction it off."

Little Richard's sweat was torrential by this time, and he rested a little, talking about Macon, Georgia where he used to wash dishes in the bus station. "They all do my songs now," he said. "The Beatles, everybody. Everybody except James Brown."

A black girl stood right in front of the stage and asked Little Richard to touch her, just tough her. He got down from his piano, touched her arm and held her hands for a moment while she screamed loudly and jumped around. He climbed back on the piano, sang "Tutti-Frutti", finished with "Long Tall Sally," and left. People clapped for a long time.

Jerry Lee Lewis' band then set up using equipment they had borrowed from a junior high group because their own stuff was in the Lansing airport. There were four of them dressed in country suits with bandanas. Their hair was clean and sprayed, and their parents had been white on both sides.

Jerry Lee was shirtlessly signing autographs in his dressing room and he appeared to be a little drunk. A couple guys and a blonde with piled up hair sat around and laughed at his bad jokes and he told me that he didn't care what I wrote as long as it was true.

He said that papers lied about him and that Time Magazine for instance had lied about his marriage to his thirteen year old cousin. He said Time reported that the marriage occured five months before his divorce from his second wife but really it was (pause, pregnant with anticipation) six months. I laughed appropriately enough and said we used to talk about his thirteen year old wife when I was in junior high school. She's 25 now according to Jerry Lee and she's made him a "very happy man."

The band is going thorugh "Lucille", whompa-whompa-whompa-whompa, the guy yells "Here's Little Richard", and there, by God, he is.

In fact, she's given him some kids and one is "a stud just like me." A redhead left the dressing room and Jerry Lee whistled and said "Great balls of fire."

His bodyguard Dick West came in as Lewis sprayed and wiped on his chest a lot of Jade East and various deodorants. I mean heavily. West said Little Richard sent his regards and was sorry he had to leave immediately because he was "so tired." Jerry Lee snitched another jolt of Jack Daniels and said he'd caught part of Little Richard's show and that "He shoulda been cooler." West commented that "he shouldn't of mixed his colors that much either." (He meant white and black and more than what he said.)

Jerry Lee pulled on his white short-sleeved polo shirt and prepared to hit the stage. I said there were a lot of hippies in the audience and how did he like them? He turned, looked right in my eyes and said, "Hippies? Why, I'm the original." I swear to god that's what he said.

A lot of people were angered by Jerry Lee's ensuing show because he did a lot of country things and slow songs and didn't seem to do any serious jiving, a la Little Richard. He started with Hank William's "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" and the last lingering particle of the Battle Between Giants.

There was obviously going to be no clothes tearing. Guff I'd made up vanished. His band was good and I liked it when he sang "Toot-Toot-Tootsie" but people were really pissed off and as Gormley from the Free Press said the "vibrations were very bad."

The vibrations nearly stopped altogether when a guy in the second row hollered "Get down, do a fast one." Jerry Lee said "I'll play something fast when I'm damn good and ready and the door is wide open if you want to leave." People left during "What's Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made a Loser Out of Me)".

I asked West if he'd do a fast song soon before everyone left and he said "Yeah, he's just getting 'em ready."

"High School Confidential" opened the dancing side of Jerry Lee's show. (Remember when albums had a dancing side and a dreamy side for making out? It's no good in person.) He played the piano with his right foot which I thought was great and I yelled for him to do it again but of course he couldn't hear me. Photographer Sacks, no puny piano-player in his own right, observed later that anybody who plays the piano with his feet is an "important piano player" and there is substance to that thought.

Jerry Lee did a nice gutbucket blues song and then "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." But even if you were swept up in the bullshit it was still hard to like the performance very much. He sang many notes foreign to any previous interpretation of his famous songs and seemed rather contemptuous of the whole affair. True, he kicked the piano bench over and broke off one of it's legs but it came across as a perverted parody of what he used to do on-stage rather than a joyful expression of destructive rock and roll at its best.

He jumped on the piano half-heartedly and jerked his pelvis oddly and seemed quite out of place.

Finally, he said "I could have epileptic fits but I don't have those any more. God richly bless and keep everyone of you."

He left the stage, the audience demanded an encore, more, I think, because they felt cheated rather than because they loved his act. He laid on top of the piano and sang "Good Golly Miss Molly" and "Tutti-Frutti" which seemed a strange joke on us indeed.

The guy from "Creem Magazine" kept muttering to photographer Sacks that Jerry Lee was a "honkie" but I don't trust that judgement. I suggest Jerry Lee is simpler and less menacing than a honkie. I suggest that he's just old and dumb.

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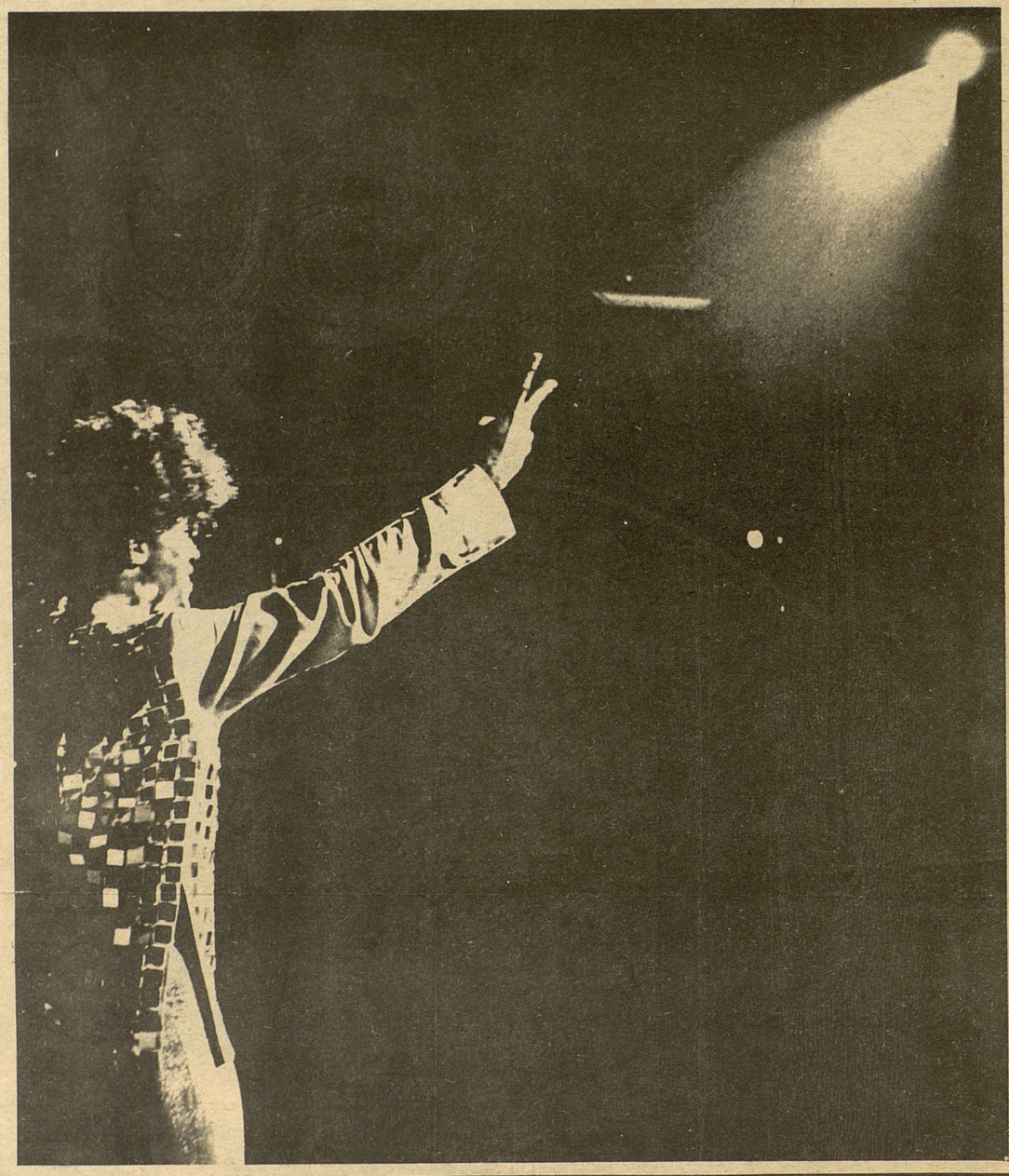

ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO STAY

BAD DOG

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